

OCTOBER 29, 1979

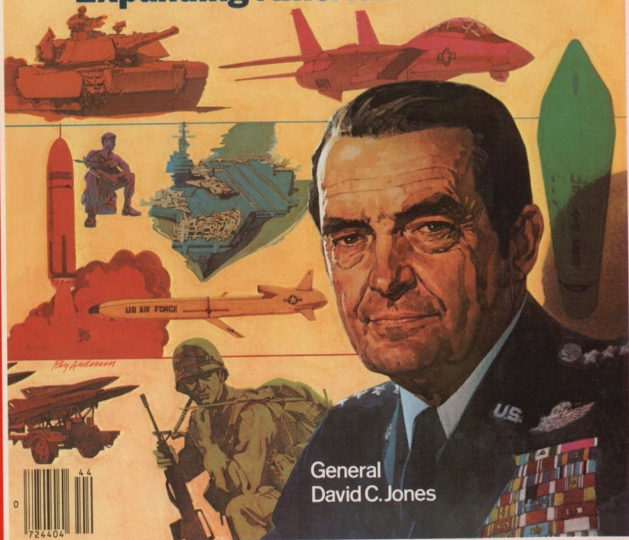
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TIME

THE NOBELS
Those Glittering
Prizes



What Price Power? Expanding America's Arsenal



General
David C. Jones





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re-engineered Toyota Corolla. Efficient

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engine. And the same kind of total economy

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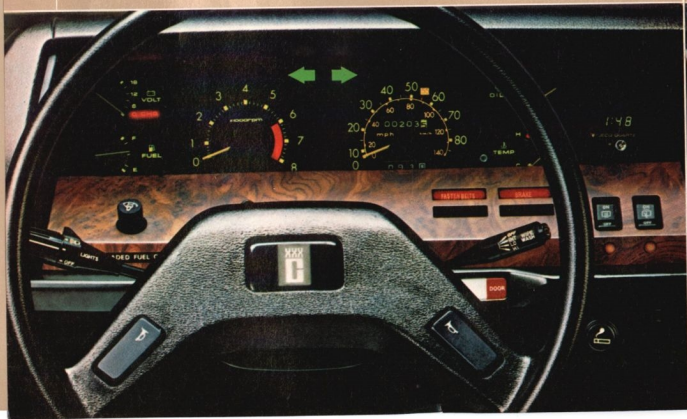
OH
WHAT
A
FEELING
|
TOYOTA

COROLLA.

made Corolla the best selling car in
world. So turn the page and see what
economy will look like in the 1980's.



12 COMPLETELY REDESIGNED COROLLAS
WITH STYLE AND TOTAL ECONOMY
THAT ARE RIGHT
FOR RIGHT NOW.





OH WHAT A FEELING | TOYOTA

Today you need Toyota's world-famous total economy more than ever. But that doesn't mean you can't have a little fun—and when you drive an all-new 1980 Corolla, you'll have a lot of fun.

Take the Corolla SR-5 Liftback (the red car above). The sleek aerodynamic styling does more than just look great. It helps reduce wind resistance too. Corolla engineers spent 425 hours on wind tunnel testing alone, and it shows.

Inside, the Corolla SR-5 Liftback has more leg room front and back than last year. The interior finish suggests a finely made touring car. A 5-speed overdrive

transmission adds to the sporty feel and reduces engine RPM's at highway speeds. Even an AM/FM Multiplex stereo radio is standard.

Of course, while it's an extremely nice car, this Corolla Liftback may not be the perfect match for your needs. That's why there are so many other Corolla models to choose from—more than any other small car line.

2-Door Sedans, 4-Door Sedans, Sport Coupes, Wagons—a car for virtually every need. 12 Corolla models in all, including the new front-wheel drive Corolla Tercel on the next page.



Peppler new
1.8 liter engine.

SR-5 Sport Coupe has
reclining front bucket seats.

The SR-5
Liftback cockpit.



THE COROLLA TERCEL.
THE FIRST FRONT-WHEEL-DRIVE TOYOTA.
AT \$3698 IT COMBINES TOYOTA'S
LOWEST PRICE AND HIGHEST MILEAGE.



No other small front-wheel drive car
has more front leg room.
(SR-5 interior shown.)



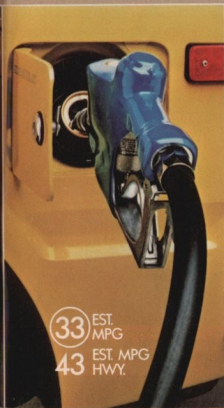
OH WHAT A FEELING! TOYOTA

The new Toyota Corolla Tercel. It isn't the first front-wheel-drive car. But it may be the best. For one thing, the Corolla Tercel's 1.5 liter engine is mounted longitudinally—fore and aft. The advantages are substantial. In legroom. In serviceability. The Corolla Tercel even has an easy shifting 4-speed gear box.

Yet the Corolla Tercel Standard Sedan is still the highest mileage, lowest priced Toyota you can buy. The Corolla Tercel is rated at **33** EPA Estimated MPG, 43 EPA Estimated Highway MPG.

Remember: Compare this estimate to the EPA "Estimated MPG" of other cars with manual transmission. You may get different mileage depending on how fast you drive, weather conditions, and trip length. Actual highway mileage will probably be less than the EPA "Highway Estimate."

Corolla Tercel Standard Sedan is priced at only \$3698. Manufacturer's suggested retail price. Price does not include tax, license, transportation, California emissions, or optional equipment.



33 EST.
MPG

43 EST. MPG
HWY.



Corolla Tercel SR-5 Liftback
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11 mg
tar

"B&H, I like
your style."



BENSON & HEDGES
100's



LIGHTS

BENSON & HEDGES
Menthol 100's

LIGHTS

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A Letter from the Publisher

For Washington-based Correspondent Don Sider, reporting this week's cover story on the state of the nation's defense required a four-week investigative campaign that included interviews with most of the Pentagon's top brass. All told, Sider met face to face with 45 military experts, including David C. Jones, Chairman of the Joint Chiefs of Staff; Defense Secretary Harold Brown; and NATO Commander Bernard W. Rogers. "There's a certain affinity that reporters and military folks have for each other," Sider observes. "I guess anybody who wears a uniform or who carries a pen and pad his whole professional life is a Peter Pan by trade: we want to keep our toys and adventures. It makes for an understanding relationship."

For Sider that understanding runs particularly deep. He was introduced to the military at the age of six—at Wyler Military Academy in Evansville, Wis. Though his mid-1950s Army stint as a public information specialist provided little in the way of battle-ground adventure, his 16 months as a TIME war correspondent in Viet Nam did. Says Sider, who was wounded in the neck near the Laotian border: "It was the thrilling Hemingway life

at last: danger, excitement and mud." On a working vacation last July, Sider took a flying leap into another Army experience: paratrooper training at the Fort Benning Airborne School. Says he: "I was terrified that this 46-year-old geriatric case would collapse on a two-mile run and never get up, so every night I dosed myself with aspirin and liniment. In the end, I had massive shin splints and my paratrooper wings, of which I am inordinately and shamelessly proud."

This week's cover story was written by another TIME military buff, Associate Editor Burton Pines, who received vital logistical support from Reporter-Researchers Betty Satterwhite Sutter and Beth Meyer. To keep abreast of new developments, Pines and Sutter, who have collaborated on most of TIME's defense stories over the past few years, regularly read, clip and stockpile a remarkable variety of military periodicals. "Reading *Aviation Week and Strategic Review* can be quite interesting," Sutter says, "once you have broken the language barrier." According to Pines, she has done exactly that. Says he: "Betty can talk throw-weights and payloads with the best of them."



Sider interviewing General Jones at the Pentagon

John A. Meyers

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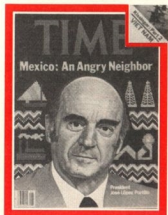
Letters

Mexico's Man

To the Editors:

Mexico's President López Portillo [Oct. 8] expresses legitimate concern when he questions supplying oil to Americans who are unwilling to apply "discipline" in oil consumption. In view of the fact that his country's population is expected to double in only 22 years, isn't it legitimate for us to ask when Mexicans will apply the discipline necessary to control population growth and quit dumping their excess millions over our borders?

Wayne R. Bartz
Sacramento



As a Brazilian living in the U.S. for more than 16 years, I have come to learn what it means for American Presidents to talk about being a "friendly neighbor" to other countries. Leave the "friendly" out; put in "greedy" instead. The U.S. does not give without taking, and the taking is disproportionate.

Maria L. St. Brisson Moreno
Columbus

Obviously Mexicans would not allow millions of Americans to go into their country illegally and settle down, demanding rights and privileges and becoming a majority in many areas, changing the culture of their nation. Why should they expect us to?

Leslie Anderson
Roswell, Ga.

Soviet Enforcers

I think the Soviet troops are stationed in Cuba [Oct. 8] as enforcers.

If Premier Castro should ever leave office, these troops could help ensure that his successor will follow the same hard Communist line.

Fred Feingold
Hollis Hills, N.Y.

No one has mentioned the possibility that the Soviet troops are in Cuba to forestall a Cuban uprising while Castro sends

Wolfschmidt Vodka.

The spirit of the Czar lives on.

It was the time of "War and Peace," "The Nutcracker Suite," Of Tolstoy and Dostoevsky.

Yet in this age when legends lived, the Czar stood like a giant among men.

He could bend an iron bar on his bare knee. Crush a silver ruble with his fist. He had a thirst for life like no other man alive.

And his drink was the toast of St. Petersburg. Genuine Vodka.

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The chairman of the bar.



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Letters

his own troops to do the Soviets' work around the globe, including probably the Panama Canal and the rest of Central and South America. Does anyone seriously believe they are there to attack Key West?

Bernard W. Rich
Clearwater, Fla.

So the Government is going to monitor the Soviet troops in Cuba. I hope this won't be the same intense scrutiny that let them go unnoticed to begin with.

Justin Abelow
New York City

Both the U.S. and the Soviet Union should pack their bags and get out of Cuba completely. It seems to be the fate of this country to fall under the prey of the gringo eagle or the Red bear. Will these two creatures ever understand that the Cuban people also have the human right of self-determination?

Marta T. Sánchez
San Francisco

Blacks and the P.L.O.

We, the people of Palestine, have suffered long enough, and it is time that the people of the world realize this. Support for the Israelis is fine as long as they agree to meet with the P.L.O. The Rev. Jesse Jackson [Oct. 8] and the other black leaders of the U.S. have taken a big step in achieving real lasting peace in the Middle East by meeting with the leaders of the P.L.O. and the other Arab countries involved.

Sayed Muhammad Ghorbi
Towson, Md.

If I had ever seen a picture of the Rev. Jesse Jackson hugging the leaders of the Ku Klux Klan after they have beaten or murdered innocent black children, then I might be able to give more credence to his pompous piety.

Lawrence D. Freedman, M.D.
Newport Beach, Calif.

As a black I find it ludicrous that black American leaders are now preoccupied with the P.L.O. cause. I wonder how many are also concerned with the cause of blacks in Dominica, 60,000 of whom are homeless because of Hurricane David.

Ernest Merrill
Flatts, Bermuda

I, an American Jew, would like to ask the Zionists to explain in language Jackson can understand the difference between the P.L.O.'s denial of Israel's right to exist today and the denial by the Zionists of a similar right of Palestine prior to 1948.

Perhaps they can also explain to the Rev. Jackson why the Jews maintained the right to reclaim their property after being driven from it 2,000 years ago, while

the Palestinians who fled their homes after the war in 1948 maintained no similar right.

David Neuman
Santa Barbara, Calif.

Eyes of Justice

In light of the California court's ruling that police can't use 45-power telescopes [Oct. 8], I'm glad I'm not a cop there. What is the next limit on police power? Could it be the seven-power binoculars I use on robbery and burglary stakeouts? Is the day coming when the courts will deny eyeglasses to policemen with poor eyesight because technology is improving their vision? If so, then justice is indeed blind.

Earl Brutsche
Patrolman, Surveillance Unit
Battle Creek, Mich.

Your article states that since Paul Halvonik is a judge and his wife Deborah a lawyer, "they were spared the humiliation of booking, fingerprinting and mug-shooting."

Am I to understand that anyone other than a judge or a lawyer finds these police procedures less humiliating?

Joan Bylow
Rouses Point, N.Y.

The Jane and Tom Show

If Jane Fonda and Tom Hayden weren't protesting against nuclear energy [Oct. 8], they would be protesting against something else. I sometimes believe they receive pleasure from ridiculing the U.S. As a refugee from Communism, I appreciate the greatness of this country.

Francisco Montegudo
North Miami Beach

The Fonda-Hayden message regarding economic democracy is logical enough. Only through ensuring accountability to the public and periodic full disclosure will business enterprises pay more attention to the public interest than they do at present.

John A. Steffen
Milwaukee

Kissinger for President?

Reading the excerpts of Henry Kissinger's *White House Years* [Oct. 8], I deeply regret that a law prevents him from ever being a presidential candidate. How enjoyable it would be to vote—once—for an intelligent, sensitive man, respected in the world for his diplomatic skills as well as his logic.

Marie-Odile Colson
Sonoma, Calif.

When Henry Kissinger dismisses the ideals of the Viet Nam War protesters as "stimulated by a sense of guilt encouraged by modern psychiatry and the rad-



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Letters

ical chic rhetoric of affluent suburbia," he is forgetting the thousands of Viet Nam vets who joined those ranks upon their return home. As to his statement that we could not end the war "as if we were switching a television channel," the protest movement's apt response was that we saw no sense in continuing an unfounded horror show switched on by others.

James Kleinklaus
Port Jefferson, N.Y.

I bet there are lots of protests against the "immorality" of the Kissinger-Nixon bombing of Cambodia from many left-of-center people who stood mute during these past four years while the Cambodian Communists killed more than 2 million people.

Lewis Simone
Savannah, Ga.

After reading Kissinger's account of the Cambodian bombing, one is left with the impression that we were wrong not to have bombed the area sooner, not, as the antiwar crowd claims, that we were wrong to have bombed at all.

Will Larsson
Anaconda, Mont.

Henry Kissinger seems wedded to past mistakes. He apparently still believes that the Viet Nam War was the invasion of South Viet Nam by the Communists, in which "we could not simply walk away... and abandon a small country to tyranny"—when actually it was a civil war in which neither side was morally any better than the other, and in which we intervened to our sorrow.

Larry Wakefield
Traverse City, Mich.

While reading Kissinger's "brilliant" words about a coherent foreign policy, we should remember that on his advice, the war in Viet Nam continued for an extra four years. Untrained as I am in the subtleties of foreign affairs, I find this policy stupid and wicked.

Why are we still listening to this man?

Moses Moon
Occidental, Calif.

Library Crime

Some admittance procedure must be worked out and security provision instituted to protect the New York Public Library [Oct. 8]. It is not that difficult to tell the derelict from the opsimath or the autodidact from the pot pusher. We cannot afford to hand over yet another bastion of civilization to the barbarians of New York City.

John W. Price
New York City

Address Letters to **TIME**, Time & Life Building, Rockefeller Center, New York, N.Y. 10020

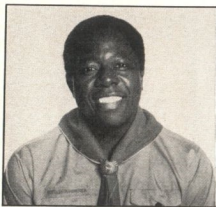
When you help start a Scout troop, there's no guarantee one of the Scouts will grow up to hit 755 home runs.

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American Scene

In New Hampshire: Deeper Snow and Darker Horses

Two or three New Hampshire primaries ago, an acquaintance of mine who worked as an advanceman for one of the television news programs called up to say that the more he advanced, the more the natives retreated. Could I...

"Locals. What we aah is locals," I said, laying on a touch of New Hampshire accent.

"Ayuh, ayuh. Listen, you moved here four years ago from Central Park West, so forget the rustic impersonations. What I need is, you know somebody we could use for an interview? Typical local, not too smooth, not too dumb?"

Even then it was hard to find an authentic New Hampshire accent, because the state was populated almost exclusively by sturdy real estate salesmen and bluff, honest motel owners, most of whom had emigrated recently from New Jersey. I suggested that the advanceman look up my friend the town clerk, who pumped gas and sold dog licenses and could, in theory, write out a permit that would allow you to bury a body on your land. The town clerk was a good, brisk talker, and although no gossip, he was the preferred source of reliable information on town affairs. He was also a good, brisk businessman, a state legislator, a considerable landowner, and the president of the bank that stood across the road from his gas pumps, conveniently situated to make a nice, punchy shot for the cameraman to use as he wrapped up the interview.

The town clerk was, in fact, typical of New Hampshiremen to precisely the extent that David Rockefeller is a typical New Yorker. But he knew what was required, and he gave a good, understated interpretation of his role as an upright ru-

ral citizen somewhat bewildered by the attention that he and his state were getting. The network's No. 2 talker did the show, and congratulated himself for extracting a snappy interview from the town clerk.

That was some time ago. Many seasons and some worms have turned, and the New Hampshire primary is once again spreading uneasiness among journalists and politicians. Properly speaking, it is The Primary, since it comes first and all other such exercises come later and therefore are not primary but secondary, tertiary and so on. To the New Hampshireman such nicety of nomenclature does not matter, however, since he pays no attention to the subsequent and lesser political disturbances that precede the election. He makes his mind up early, and he is a hard judge. In 1964, for instance, it was not Senator Barry Goldwater's warlike remarks about Cuba that cooked his goose in New Hampshire. It was his existential dismay one night in Littleton, as he was drawn through the town in a cart pulled by a Shetland pony. The Senator not only looked like a man imprudent enough to let himself be talked into sitting in a pony cart; he looked as if the pony were in control of the situation.

On the other hand, in November of 1967 the Greater Laconia-Weirs Beach Chamber of Commerce had as its guest speaker the former Vice President, Richard Nixon, a loser in the 1962 California gubernatorial election and more recently a Wall Street lawyer. Nixon was aware of his reduced station. He seemed properly humble as he sat at the head table, listening appreciatively to the reading of the minutes of the last meeting. He even grinned at the jokes told by the chair-

man of the organizing committee for a forthcoming dinner dance, who went into some detail about preparations, and told his listeners joshingly that they had better admit defeat and buy tickets, because their wives knew all about it, and there was no escape. After an hour and a quarter, Nixon was permitted to give his speech, which counseled a policy of unceasing hostility toward Red China. I have wondered since then whether the severe strain of this evening may have been responsible for much of the President's behavior after he came to power.

It might be thought by any observer from that region of the country known as "Away" that the Chamber had rudely refused to curtail its customary order of business because its members figured Nixon's hopes were only slightly more realistic than Harold Stassen's. My guess, however, is that these New Hampshire Republicans knew he was going to win. They did not approve of anyone, even a member of their own party, who wanted to associate himself with the Federal Government, and they intended to show their feelings while they had the chance.

"Do you mean to say, sir, that the New Hampshire primary is essentially an expression of hostility?"

"Ayuh." (I am now, though only in fantasy, being interviewed by the network's No. 2 talker. My friend the town clerk is so beset by journalists in search of the average New Hampshireman that he speaks only to Theodore White and James Reston, and I am the likeliest interview subject that the No. 2 talker could come up with. We are standing in my wood lot, surrounded by beechwood slash

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Steering	YES	_____
Front Suspension	YES	_____
Brakes	YES	_____
Electrical System	YES	_____
Air Conditioner	YES	_____
<u>Additional Coverage:</u>		
Honored at over 15,000 dealers in the U.S.A. and Canada	YES	_____
Rental car allowance for any warranty condition requiring overnight repair	YES	_____
\$25 towing allowance for <u>any reason</u> during warranty	YES	_____
60-Day money-back trial offer	YES	_____

A photograph of a breakfast table with a white cup of coffee, a stack of toast, and a white egg in a holder. In the foreground, a hand holds a blue velvet jewelry box open, revealing a diamond pin inside. The pin has a central cluster of four diamonds and two side diamonds, all set in a gold-colored metal.

On her birthday,
I always serve her breakfast in bed.

A diamond is forever.

The pin shown (enlarged for detail) is available for about \$3500. The price may change substantially due to differences in diamond quality and market conditions. Your jeweler can show you other diamond jewelry starting at about \$300. De Beers.

The mark of distinction



 PARKER

A superb gift. A highly personal accessory.
The Parker Classic Imperial ball pen in 22K gold electroplate, \$20.

American Scene

and camera cables. Since this is a carefully produced fantasy, I am wearing a DeKalb Seed Corn baseball cap, a green-and-black checked wool shirt, Ralph Lauren gum boots, and bib overalls with an alligator on the pocket.

"I see. Can you tell me, then, what you New Hampshire locals look for in a presidential candidate?"

"Sneakahs."

"Excuse me?"

"If he jogs, he's out. Otherwise, anything goes."

"Carter jogs, and the New Hampshire Democrats went for Carter last time."

"He fooled us, I admit it. He must have run in place in his motel room."

"It's clear that you don't take presidential hopefuls seriously."

"When they take us seriously, we'll take them seriously. Would you like to have this year's bunch hanging around your factory gates? What's-His-Name sounds as if he should be selling snow tires on TV, and Thimgummy keeps stepping on his own necktie."

"The other states get the same candidates."

"**T**hey don't have the same responsibilities. We're expected to learn our lines, get the reporters steamed down, train the campaign managers and press secretaries, put up with the fellow who shows up with the sandwich sign and the Uncle Sam suit, remember which one is Evans and which one is Novak, explain why we tolerate William Loeb's ternal foolishness in the Manchester *Union Leader*, and then put on DeKalb Seed Corn caps and decide which of a dozen self-swollen hot-air balloons is least likely to lead the nation to shame and ruin."

"So New Hampshire is doing the rest of the country a great service, at considerable sacrifice to its own peace of mind."

"Durn tootin'."

"By the way, why do you tolerate William Loeb?"

"He's our Ayatullah, and we treasure him."

"What local problems should the candidates be aware of?"

"Getting the tourists to stay home and mail in their money."

"I don't understand. If everyone in New Hampshire sells real estate and comes from New Jersey, why all of this crusty-farmer nonsense?"

"It's expected. Would you want to have real estate salesmen choose the nation's presidential front runners?"

"I can see your point. Tell me, is it really true that the town clerk can write a permit that allows you to bury a body on your own land?"

"Ayuh. And he knows where the bodies are buried."

"Finally, sir, as primaries go, how does this one look?"

"Sonny, every time the fool thing comes around, the snow gets deeper and the horses get darker."

— John Skow

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Northwest Flight 3, 747 service nonstop to Tokyo, departs Chicago daily at 11:50 am. It's the only nonstop service from the Midwest to the Orient.*

Fewer seats inside mean a roomier ride.

Northwest 747s give you a wider seat in Economy than all other airlines flying nonstop from the U.S. to Tokyo. Because Northwest 747s have one less seat in each Economy row. It's a significant comfort difference.

Northwest also offers 747 service from Tokyo to Osaka, Okinawa, Seoul, Manila, Taipei, and Hong Kong. For reservations, call a travel agent or Northwest.

*Mpls./St. Paul passengers may also connect to Tokyo nonstops from Seattle.



The roomier ride.



NORTHWEST ORIENT



The base price reason to buy a Chevy Chevette.

\$340 less than '80 Toyota Corolla Deluxe 4-Door.

\$321 less than '80 Datsun 210 Deluxe 4-Door.

\$1,232 less than '80 VW Rabbit Custom 4-Door.

Based on Manufacturers' Suggested Retail Prices. (Chevette priced lower in Western states.) Tax, license and available equipment additional. Destination charges will vary by location and will affect the comparisons. Level of standard equipment on these models will vary.



1980 Chevy Chevette 4-Door Hatchback

STANDARDS

The standard reasons to buy a Chevy Chevette.

When it comes to equipment, you'll find few other cars that meet Chevette's standards. • White-stripe glass-belted radial tires • Wheel trim rings • Bumper rub strips • Body side moldings • AM radio • 4-speed Manual transmission • Reclining front bucket seats • Cut-pile carpeting • Even more. (Many features are not standard equipment on Chevette Scooter.)



1980 Chev

\$4,917 is the Manufacturer's Suggested Retail Price for the 1980 Chevy Chevette 4-Door Hatchback shown above, which includes the following available equipment:

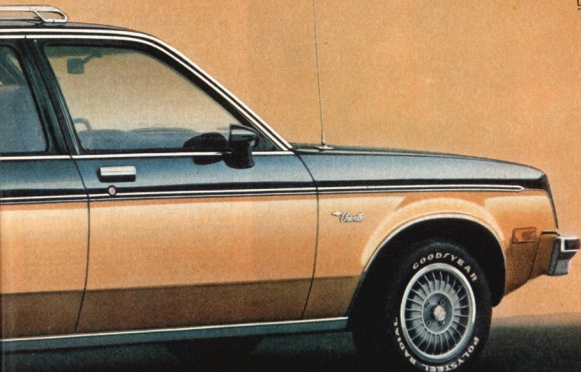
The Body by Fisher reason to buy a Chevy Chevette.

Solid. Dependable. That's Chevette's unitized Body by Fisher. Welded to be rigid and structurally tight with double-wall construction for added strength. And with extensive anti-corrosion treatments to help make it last. Why all the care? Simple. While this Body by Fisher is making Chevette beautiful outside, we want it to make Chevette solid underneath.



The Chevy Dealer reason to buy a Chevy Chevette.

There's a friendly neighborhood Chevy dealer in just about every friendly neighborhood there is. Coast to coast. So you can rest assured. Convenient service and maintenance will always be close by. The 1980 Chevy Chevette. It's a lot of car for the money. And that's one heck of a reason to see your Chevy dealer about buying or leasing one.

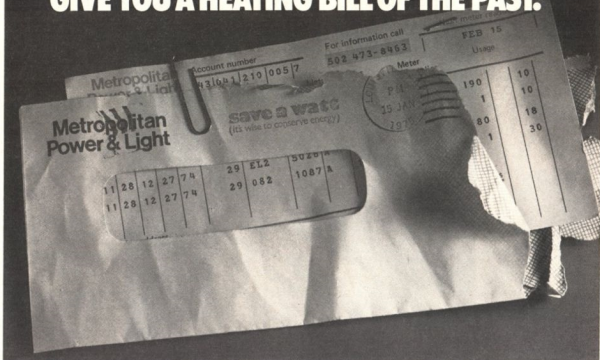


y Chevette

A lot of car for the money. 

Roof Carrier, Deluxe Exterior, Sport Wheel Covers, White-Lettered Tires, Sport Mirrors, and Custom Two-Tone Paint (Black with Light Camel Metallic). Tax, license and destination charges extra.

THE HEATING SYSTEM OF THE FUTURE CAN GIVE YOU A HEATING BILL OF THE PAST.



THE WEATHERTRON® HEAT PUMP SAVES 30-60% ON HEATING COMPARED TO DUCTED ELECTRIC HEAT, DEPENDING ON WHERE YOU LIVE.

Even if your electric rates have increased as much as 40% in the last few years, you can still save money with the Weathertron heat pump from General Electric.

How does it work? By actually getting heat from cold air.

That's right. Even on most freezing winter days, the Weathertron heat pump extracts heat from the outdoors and transfers it indoors.

And in more moderate climates, there's more heat available in the air. That's where a heat pump can really work for you. Because that's where it can use energy most efficiently.

Depending on where you live, only one unit of electrical energy gets you 1.4 to 2.5 units of heat energy during the heating season. That's where the 30-60% savings comes in. And that's why only the heat pump can deliver ducted electric heat to your home in the most cost-efficient and energy-efficient way.

IN REVERSE, IT'S AN AIR CONDITIONER.

In warm weather, the thermostat reverses the whole process, and the Weathertron cools, using the same principle. It takes warm air from in-

side the house and transfers it outside. A system for all seasons.

GENERAL ELECTRIC HAS SPENT OVER 40 YEARS DEVELOPING THE WEATHERTRON HEAT PUMP.

Since 1932, when GE was one of the few heat pump pioneers, we've been developing and improving it. Years of research, engineering and manufacturing expertise go into every Weathertron system.

We put parts and assemblies through grueling quality-control tests and inspections. For instance, every 230-volt compressor motor must run at 170 volts. And that's only the low-voltage test. Then there are leakage tests. And our surge test, when 3,500 volts are run through the motor windings.

Not to mention the torture test our engineers use to simulate the worst possible operating conditions.

No wonder the General Electric Climatuff™ compressor, the device that helps extract heat from the air, has been operating in over two million cooling as well as heating installations.

THE WEATHERTRON HEAT PUMP WILL MAKE YOUR ENERGY CRISIS LESS OF A CRISIS.

It's difficult for anyone to safely predict the availability of energy in the

future. And unfortunately, everyone can predict that the fuel available will get more and more expensive.

That's why it's very important for all of us to make good use of the oil, gas and electricity we pay for.

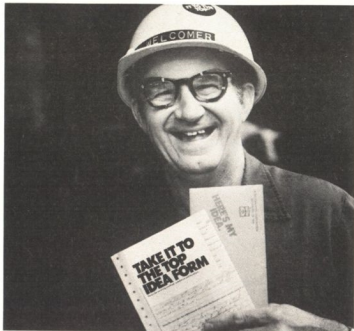
The Weathertron heat pump from General Electric uses electricity and nature's heat to save you money on heating. That's why it could be one of the most important things you put in your home.

THE WEATHERTRON® HEAT PUMP AMERICA'S #1 SELLING HEAT PUMP.



GENERAL  ELECTRIC

We asked our employees how we could work smarter.



Harry Welcomer, who works at Bethlehem's Steelton, Pa., Plant, was awarded \$5,000 for his better idea: a new, adjustable electrode for an automatic welding machine.

Result: 9,000 "better ideas." (Ideas that help us fight inflation.)

Our cost of making steel, like your cost of living, keeps right on rising. And like you, we're working hard to keep all of our costs in check.

Bethlehem's "Take It To The Top" program was designed to encourage employees to tell us how we can work smarter, cut costs, and improve productivity—all of which help curb inflation. Employees who came up with the best ideas won a valuable award.

Better ideas save money

Our first "Take It To The Top" program was launched in 1978. The second will get under way in 1980.

In 1978, employees turned

in more than 9,000 ideas for new ways of working smarter. We evaluated each idea and put into practice as many as we could. Results have really paid off. We estimate savings, over the next three years, of more than \$10 million solely from suggestions generated by that program.

Let's take it to the top in government, too

When you get right down to it, deficit spending by government is the chief engine of inflation. We need to keep government aware that unfettered spending must be brought under control—and that one way to subdue inflation is to make our tax dollars more productive. People in government can work smarter, too.

You can help

Cutting inflation down to size is everybody's business. One way you can contribute is to take your own better idea right to the top—whoever the top may be for your particular suggestion.

Your idea *can* make a difference, but only if you share it with someone who can do something about it. That someone may be President Carter... your governor... your representatives in Congress... your boss...????? Take It To The Top.

Bethlehem 
Working Smarter

We're exterminating one of the nation's most destructive pests.

Potholes are to cars what gopher holes are to horses. Yet for many years, these sudden, violent little boobytraps have been a part of our streets and highways as familiar as the white center line. Because lasting repairs just cost too much. Until Phillips invented Petromat® fabric, a tough underliner for roads that reduces damage from cracks and holes.



Makes roads easier on cars, safer for the drivers. And cuts taxes spent on road repair to a fraction of former costs. That's a big bump taxpayers will be happy to miss. Phillips Petroleum. Good things for cars—and the people who drive them. **The Performance Company**





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snowthrowers in the world. These
four have been tested and
proven dependable 600
miles north of the Arctic Circle.
Simplicity makes them all.**

When you want dependability, look for...

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See the full line of Polar Proven Snowbuster snowthrowers (from compact 2.7 hp through heavy duty 8 hp) at your nearest Simplicity dealer. He's under

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2. PUERTO RICO. \$190-\$446* PLUS AIRFARE. Soak up the sun in Puerto Rico

and stay at a selected hotel for 7 nights. Includes LeLoLai features, like admission to the Folkloric Ballet and the Light and Sound Spectacle. You'll also get a round-trip flight to St. Thomas for duty-free shopping in the bazaars, with use of a car† for one 24-hour

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3. MEXICO CITY. \$133-\$219* PLUS AIRFARE. Explore three famous and exciting foreign cities on a vacation planned by the experts at American Express. Stay at a selected hotel in Mexico City for 5 nights. Includes a half-day tour of Mexico City, plus a full-day tour of Cuernavaca and the hilltop city of Taxco, famous for its lovely Mexican silver. Round-trip airport transfers included. You never settle for less when you travel with American Express. (IT9EA1AXW37)

For more information, call your travel agent. Or Eastern Airlines. And have a wet and wonderful winter.

*Prices are per person, double occupancy, and do not include airfare, meals, local taxes, service charges, and airport transfers unless indicated. Prices are effective 12/16/79-4/15/80 and are subject to availability and hotel space. All prices are subject to change. †Gas and insurance not included in car rental.



EASTERN

WE HAVE TO EARN OUR WINGS EVERY DAY.



If these were ordinary loudspeakers, you could buy them in ordinary stores.

Can you tell the difference between music at a live concert and music on your home high fidelity system?

Of course you can. No matter how good your equipment, what you hear is not real. It may be great for reproduced music, but it's ordinary in comparison with real live music.

If you would rather hear real than ordinary, you should consider RTR loudspeakers. They are designed by audio engineers for one purpose only: To reproduce music and voices which sound *exactly* like real life. And to do so in combination with any high quality component system. One like yours.

Frankly, no other speakers have achieved the RTR degree of realism. Because RTR is no ordinary loudspeaker company. RTR designs, engineers and builds every component in an RTR loudspeaker. The results

are extraordinary. And very real.

So if you do not find RTR in the usual audio stores, you know why. They are made in limited quantity for people who enjoy music pure and simple. And yet, because they are completely manufactured in America by one company, RTR loudspeakers are quite affordable.

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TIME/OCT. 29, 1979



U.S. Marines begin their maneuvers at Guantánamo Bay after piling out of helicopter on Cuban coast

MICHAEL LUONGO

COVER STORY

The Price of Power

Billions and billions—the Pentagon wants more and it has a strong case

Through a driving rain that swept the Cuban coast, 2,100 U.S. Marines stormed into Guantánamo Bay, the tiny U.S. military base that perches like a lighthouse on the eastern tip of Fidel Castro's island fortress. Most landed by helicopter from seaborne troop carriers, but a quarter of the force hit the beach in more classic Marine style, splashing ashore aboard tracked amphibious vehicles. Though their rifles, tanks and howitzers were unloaded—no live ammunition was carried throughout the operation—their performance was intended by Jimmy Carter to be a firm and well-publicized demonstration of Washington's concern about the presence of a Soviet combat brigade in Cuba.

But that was only one of a pride of U.S. military maneuvers round the world last week. At Grafenwöhr, West Germany, a U.S. tank battalion roared into combat exercises after having been flown in from Fort Hood, Texas, on a "no notice"

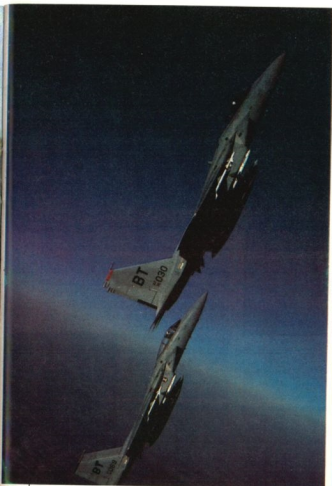
emergency drill. At Florida's Eglin Air Force Base, 20,000 soldiers, sailors and airmen prepared to launch "Bold Eagle 80," a nine-day maneuver to practice coming to the aid of an invaded ally. In the Indian Ocean, a U.S. Navy seven-ship carrier task force joined up with a five-ship Middle East force to show the flag.

All these military activities were designed to maintain the U.S. readiness needed both to protect the nation and meet its far-flung obligations. But just how well the Pentagon would be able to carry out its awesome responsibilities is a matter of growing concern in Washington. Both in the Administration and in Congress, officials confront a question that will not go away: Could the U.S. successfully counter a major Soviet military thrust, no matter where it came? If the answer seems doubtful, then the next question inevitably is: What must be done to ensure the nation's security?

Those two related questions have

dominated the Senate debate on ratification of the SALT II accord. More generally, they have been influencing the way other countries view the U.S. as a world power. The search for answers has already caused one of the most far-ranging U.S. defense controversies since World War II.

The debate began stirring in scholarly journals, inside think tanks and on Capitol Hill. It has assumed a heightened sense of urgency during the SALT hearings, in which both expert witnesses and Senators have been expressing grave concern about the state of the nation's military strength. Armed with volumes of facts and statistics, they have convinced a growing number of citizens that the U.S. can no longer afford to postpone tough and costly defense decisions if it intends to remain a superpower. As a result, a consensus has been emerging that favors a stronger U.S. military establishment, something that would have seemed impossible only a few years ago. Badly—and



A pair of U.S. supersonic F-15 fighters patrol over West Germany, while the nuclear-powered carrier *Eisenhower* steams the Caribbean

unfairly—scarred by the Viet Nam War, the armed services were forced into a period of retrenchment, receiving little popular backing for their expensive needs. But the national mood and the international realities are both changing.

In the coming months, the focus of the debate will be the fiscal 1981 defense budget, the final details of which are now being drafted in highly technical but often heated sessions behind closed doors at the Pentagon, White House and Office of Management and Budget. Congress will get a look at this draft in a few weeks, two months before the rest of the federal budget is shown to Capitol Hill. This unusual preview, at first resisted by the White House, is an attempt by the Administration to prove that it will increase defense spending. Several key Senators have been threatening to oppose SALT II unless more money is earmarked for modernization and expansion of the U.S. arsenal. This, they say, is the price of power.

A key participant in the mounting debate is the officer who must plead the Pentagon's case, the top-ranking man among the nation's generals and admirals and the only military personage who can carry his arguments directly into the President's Oval Office. He is David C. Jones, 58, the cool, persuasive Air Force general who serves as ninth Chairman of the

Joint Chiefs of Staff. In an interview with TIME Pentagon Correspondent Don Sider, Jones stressed that he is more worried about U.S. security today than when he became chairman 15 months ago. Because of the "continued military buildup by the Soviet Union," he says, there is a "need for us to do more." Fully in agreement is Jones' civilian boss at the Pentagon, Secretary of Defense Harold Brown: "The gap between U.S. and Soviet defense expenditures cannot continue to expand without a dangerous tilt in the relevant balances of power and a weakening of the overall U.S. deterrent."

The loudest alarm has been sounding on Capitol Hill. Senator Sam Nunn, the Georgia Democrat who is emerging as one of the most influential military experts in Congress, has warned, "We in this country have gone to sleep, [while] the Soviet Union has diligently, consistently, steadily set about the task of building the most awesome military machine mankind has ever seen." As a result, argues Arizona Republican Senator Barry Goldwater, the U.S. is "no longer the No. 1 military country in the world." Rather, it is "No. 2, and not a very good No. 2."

What many critics of current defense policies want is an increase in military

spending of 5% annually (after adjustment for inflation) for at least the next five years. Such an increase has been endorsed by General Jones. Harold Brown, however, has argued that a 3% boost might prove adequate; this is the rate of annual growth pledged by the U.S. and the other NATO states last year. But Brown has also said, "It may not be feasible to do what we need to do with the 3%. If not, we'll ask for more." Brown also has warned, "The last thing I would want to see is some unsustainably large increase in defense budgets over a very short time, followed by no increase or by decreases over a much longer period. We've experienced that too often in the past."

Even the lower 3% figure means billions of extra dollars in military costs at a time when the White House has been struggling to trim the estimated \$29 billion federal budget deficit in order to fight inflation. The defense outlays for fiscal 1980, which began Oct. 1, will be about \$122 billion, although Congress and the Administration have not yet definitely agreed on a figure. Simply to maintain this level for the next fiscal year, compensating only for an estimated inflation rate of 10%, the Pentagon would need an extra \$12.2 billion. A 3% hike, after inflation, would require spending \$4 billion over that; a 5% real boost would mean

Nation



American crews checking out armed air-to-air missiles to be used by F-15 Eagle fighters

A troubling question: Do the U.S. armed forces have enough ammunition to fight a war?

yet an additional \$2.6 billion outlay.

Other critics charge that a nation in which 25 million citizens are classified as living below the official poverty line can ill afford huge increases in military spending. The \$2 billion to \$3 billion required to build one new nuclear carrier, says Democratic Representative Patricia Schroeder of Colorado, could support 1,000 New York schools for a year. The \$4.3 billion needed to build 860 miles of track for the proposed MX missile could finance all the nation's mass-transit systems for two years. Even the \$60 million used to build one C-5A transport could feed 12,000 families of four for a year. Asks Schroeder: "How do we let them get away with that?" Somewhat more cautiously, Senator Edward Kennedy, who now supports an increase in defense spending, has warned against asking "the poor, the black, the sick, the young, the cities and the unemployed to bear a disproportionate share."

If the conflicting demands for military and social-welfare spending cannot be reconciled, the two alternatives are to increase taxes, a measure that most Americans strongly oppose, or increase deficit financing, which would worsen the inflation that is already ravaging the economy. The debate over the Pentagon budget is thus not simply a debate over defense requirements—though that is fundamental and important enough—but also a debate over national priorities, over how best to allot resources among the nation's pressing social, economic and security needs.

General Jones and his allies do not flinch at any such challenges. Although the financial requests of the military appear staggering, Jones argues that "we are spending less on defense in real terms today than we did at the time of the '62

Cuban missile crisis." He is right. When reckoned in "constant dollars," to avoid the distortion of inflation, the estimated U.S. defense outlays for fiscal 1980 are just about what they were in the strikingly low military budgets of the last Eisenhower years and lower than in most years since then. An even more telling comparison is the one between Pentagon spending and some key economic indexes. In 1955 defense spending claimed 58.1% of federal expenditures and equaled 10.5% of the gross national product. Ten years later, it had shrunk to 40.1% of federal spending and 7.2% of G.N.P. In the current fiscal year, it is down to 23% of federal spending and 4.9% of G.N.P., the lowest it has been since the early 1940s (see chart).

What makes today's military budget appear gargantuan is inflation. The Pentagon has not been immune to the rising

prices that plague all Americans. As a consumer of 170 million bbl. of fuel annually (conservation measures have cut that from 193 million bbl. in 1974), the military has been extraordinarily hard-hit by last spring's OPEC price jump, which added \$888 million to the Pentagon's fuel bill. Other costs have similarly skyrocketed. Inflation has pushed up the salary-and-benefits cost of both uniformed personnel and civilian employees (the uniformed-to-civilian employee ratio is 2 million to 900,000).

The steady decline in the share of U.S. national wealth devoted to arms would be a welcome development if the same had happened to the Soviets. Instead, they continue to pour an estimated 11% to 13% of G.N.P. into defense. Today they spend from one-fifth to two-fifths more than the U.S. does on the military. (The range in estimate is so broad and imprecise because ruble costs in the U.S.S.R. are hard to convert to dollar outlays in the U.S.) While the Pentagon is just now asking for at least a 3% larger budget, Soviet annual increases have been at about 5% for the past 15 years.

Says Harold Brown: "Through all our negotiations with the Soviets, they have kept on increasing their military efforts, carrying out what they had planned to do and beginning new programs." Overall, Moscow has spent about \$100 billion more than the U.S. on arms in the past decade.

The result of these divergent U.S.-Soviet trends was inevitable: a substantial Soviet gain in the balance of forces. The comfortable strategic superiority that Washington enjoyed only half a dozen



Work on an F-15



U.S. airmen in West Germany wearing special gear to protect them from chemical warfare

years ago has now been replaced by, at best, nuclear parity. The Soviets deploy more land-based intercontinental ballistic missiles than the U.S. (1,400 vs. 1,054), and more submarine missile-launching tubes (950 vs. 656). By 1985 they could nearly close completely the current U.S. lead in strategic nuclear warheads (9,200 vs. 5,000). The only remaining category of clear-cut U.S. strategic superiority is the manned bomber; the advantage is 348 vs. 150, but the aircraft providing this lead are almost all aging B-52s, some of which date back to 1956.

Because of the Soviet strategic buildup and modernization, the U.S. Minuteman ICBMs will soon be subject to destruction by a surprise attack. This is what Pentagon officials label the window of vulnerability, a period that could last from four to six years, beginning in the early 1980s. This window and the current strategic balance will scarcely be changed by SALT II, though the treaty could restrain the Soviets from further widening of the gap.

In conventional arms, Soviet gains have been almost equally impressive, and in some ways are of more concern. Explains William Perry, the Under Secretary of Defense for Research and Engineering: "The Soviets are outproducing us by 2 to 1 or more in most categories of military equipment [and] deploying military equipment that is no longer inferior in quality." The U.S.S.R. leads the U.S. in total military manpower (3,658,000 vs. 2,022,000), tanks (50,000 vs. 10,500), artillery (40,700 vs. 18,000), tactical warplanes (4,350 vs. 4,164) and major warships (523 vs. 260). The main American advantages are in high-technology weapons, such as guided antitank missiles, and the ability to deploy forces rapidly into distant areas with aircraft carriers, Marine Corps units and airborne forces.

There are substantial geopolitical dangers in the Kremlin's expanding military strength. Senator Henry Jackson, the Washington Democrat, warned the Senate that Moscow's growing power could "mean an increasingly aggressive Soviet international policy." Harold Brown agrees. Referring to increasing Soviet interference in Africa and the Middle East, he says, "We've seen the Soviets become more adventurous in their behavior. This is an inevitable consequence of their greater confidence in their military capabilities."

To counter Moscow's buildup, the U.S. is already modernizing its forces with new weapons systems, ranging from the Trident nuclear-missile submarine to the Patriot anti-aircraft missile. But much more will probably be required, and at a quicker pace.

The most important measures concern strategic arms, even though such weapons systems take only 7% of the defense budget. As Jones put it, "The strategic balance sets the tone for what goes on in the rest of the world." The Administration has just taken an important step



Sam Nunn, one of the Senate's top defense experts, at work in his Capitol Hill office

He worries that the Marines "would probably have to walk on water to get ashore."

in this area by approving a \$33 billion, ten-year program for the MX ICBM. The movable MX is theoretically invulnerable to surprise attack, so when the Pentagon starts deploying the first of these missiles in Utah and Nevada in 1986, the window of vulnerability will begin closing. The U.S. has also been moving ahead with the \$4.4 billion air-launched cruise missile program: the 1980 budget provides \$90 million for it. Under the current timetable, the first cruise missiles are to be deployed at the end of 1981 and would probably be launched from converted B-52s.

Another step to increase the nation's strategic capability, a proposal by Air Force Chief of Staff Lew Allen Jr., is to radically upgrade 155 of his F-111s. A major part of his plan: extending the fuselages of 66 of the FB-111 fighter-bombers 104 inches and installing the General Electric engines that were designed originally for the canceled B-1 bomber. This would enable these FB-111s to fly into the U.S.S.R. faster (at 740 m.p.h., vs. 450 for the B-52) and more safely at low al-

titudes. The FB-111 would be more difficult for the Soviets to detect, in part because it shows up as a smaller radar image than the B-52. What might prevent Allen's project from taking off is its price tag: \$6 billion.

More certain of deployment is the Pershing II nuclear missile, a \$1.5 billion weapon system that occupies a gray area in analysts' calculations of the strategic balance. Because its 1,000-mile range would prevent it from hitting the Soviet Union from the U.S., the Pershing II is not, strictly speaking, a strategic weapon. But since it could strike Russia from bases in Western Europe, it is something considerably more than a tactical, battlefield nuclear device like the atomic cannon or the proposed neutron warhead.

Moscow has recently expanded its own arsenal of similar weapons. In the past year the Soviets have stationed in Eastern Europe an estimated 100 atomic-tipped, multiwarhead SS-20 intermediate-range ballistic missiles and about 90 supersonic Backfire bombers. These could strike all Western European countries. Warned Henry Kissinger at a September NATO conference in Brussels: "If there is no [Western] theater nuclear establishment on the continent of Europe, we are writing the script for selective blackmail in which our allies will be threatened."

Far along in development, the Pershing II could be based in Europe by the mid-1980s, and this prospect has already prompted denunciations from the Kremlin. Britain is expected to base some new Pershings on its territory, but West Germany last week indicated that it would do so only if joined by one other Continental NATO member. Bonn's ruling Social Democratic Party is worried about a potential uproar from its vocal left wing if West Germany becomes the only Continental NATO state to have nuclear missiles capable of reaching the U.S.S.R. Washington remains optimistic that at the mid-December meeting of NATO, several countries will agree to accept the Pershing II.

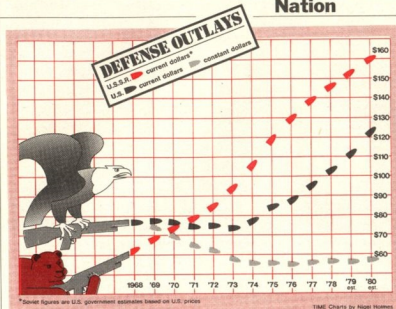
Despite all the attention paid to stra-

How Costs Climb

As arms have become more sophisticated, their costs have soared. But even weapons that have remained basically unchanged, or filled unchanged functions, have gone up far more than the overall inflation rate of 75% during the past decade or so. Examples:

- M-16 rifle bullet: 6¢ to 19¢ (up 217%)
- Hand grenade: \$2.06 to \$6.49 (215%)
- M-16 rifle: \$82 to \$260 (217%)
- Army Jeep: \$2,835 to \$9,067 (220%)
- 8-in. howitzer: \$173,246 to \$463,000 (167%)
- Airplane jet engine: \$262,000 to \$677,000 (158%)
- CH-53A helicopter: \$1.9 million to \$10.4 million (447%)

Nation



tegic weapons, experts are nearly unanimous that the U.S. would be making a dangerous error if it continued concentrating as much as it has on the nuclear balance. As long ago as the mid-1960s, when targets in the U.S. first became vulnerable to Soviet ICBMs, the threat of massive nuclear retaliation lost some of its credibility, and thus some of its ability to deter Soviet aggression. Would U.S. leaders really defend Western Europe by launching a nuclear strike against the U.S.S.R. if that could trigger a devastating Soviet counterstrike at New York or Los Angeles? The question echoes more loudly now that the U.S. no longer boasts strategic superiority. As Kissinger put it in Brussels, "It is absurd to base the strategy of the West on the credibility of the threat of mutual suicide." With U.S. and Soviet strategic nuclear forces tending to cancel each other out, Washington needs adequate nonatomic forces to counter threats that could range from an armored invasion of Germany to a brushfire war in the Third World. Says Jones: "If you don't have the capability to respond around the world to different crises, then the risks can be very great."

Since 1975 the Army and Air Force have been allocating increasing resources to conventional weapons and missions. But so widely is it felt that more must be done that the Pentagon plans to spend more of any budget boost it gets on its conventional forces. Initially, says Jones, the extra funds would mostly be used for "new procurement, more supplies, more ammunition and fixing personnel problems."

Translated into specifics, here is where the money might go:

Ground Forces. The Army requires more trucks, supplies and ammunition. In mid-September, Nunn charged that the Army had only "one-third of the ammunition

and equipment it needs to... sustain simultaneously a war in Europe and a minor contingency in the Middle East or outside of Europe." Nunn was referring to the official U.S. doctrine of having the resources to fight 1½ wars at the same time: a major confrontation with the Soviets in Europe, plus a regional skirmish. Said Nunn: "In the category of tank ammunition designed specifically to destroy other tanks, the Army has on hand about one-fourth of the requirement postulated by the Department of Defense for sustained combat in Europe." In addition, he said, the service is short almost 60,000 wheeled vehicles "required to move ammunition, fuel, wounded soldiers, food,

weapons and to support just about every other Army mission."

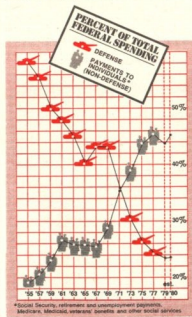
Providing these needed vehicles would cost about \$4 billion. An extra \$600 million is needed annually by the Army just for enough bullets, artillery shells and mortar rounds for adequate training. So tight has money been that Army crews training in Europe have been allowed to fire only one TOW antitank missile (cost: \$5,000 each) a year. Experts believe that minimum proficiency would require three TOWs annually for each crew. Several additional billions of dollars in each of the next few years would be required if the Army sought faster delivery of some major new weapons. Only eight Black Hawk helicopters are produced monthly, the minimum needed to keep the assembly line open. The Army would like 15 choppers a month.

Maintenance of more prosaic matériel has long been shortchanged too. Overhauls are needed for heating plants, sewage systems, hospitals and living quarters. The cost of putting Army facilities and equipment into shape: \$1.1 billion. Millions could also be used to give U.S. ground and air units more training and better gear for fighting on battlefields that have been contaminated. Soviet forces have been practicing extensively on techniques for disabling foes with chemical and biological agents.

Tactical Aircraft. The U.S. Air Force deploys the world's most sophisticated and deadly warplanes, but the Soviets have been catching up. No longer are their planes confined primarily to air defense. In the past decade, the Soviets have developed a family of aircraft that, like U.S. warplanes, can support ground units in combat and strike deep inside enemy territory to destroy airfields and supply depots. Says Brigadier General John Chain, the Air Force's deputy director of plans: "They've closed the technology gap. They have damned good equipment and their people are well trained."

The latest U.S. warplanes—the F-15 Eagle, A-10 Thunderbolt and F-16—far outclass anything the Soviets now fly, but American quality ultimately could be overtaken by Russian quantity. The Soviet Union has been turning out about 1,150 fighters annually, of which 25% are exported to its Warsaw Pact allies. By contrast, the U.S. has been building only 500 such planes each year, and 30% have been sold to other nations.

This year the U.S. Air Force is scheduled to take delivery of 350 new fighters. General Chain would also like to see a more rapid deployment of the EF-111. This \$25 million aircraft is packed with computers and other electronic gear that can jam the radar on Soviet planes that would be used to spot U.S. aircraft and guide missiles to them. The EF-111 also could neutralize Soviet ground-based radar. Current plans call for the Air Force to buy 42 EF-111s over an unspecified pe-



"He Is Exasperated with People About Half the Time"

"He gets into an airplane and he just doesn't know how to turn toward the passenger compartment," says a senior aide about General David C. Jones. Indeed, during his frequent trips around the U.S. and to many parts of the globe, the Chairman of the Joint Chiefs of Staff invariably takes charge of the plane's controls.

Heading straight for the cockpit is a habit that Jones acquired during his 37 years in the Air Force. But he is no mere hot pilot. Cool, meticulous, low-key and dogged, Jones typifies the new breed of military managers. Explains a senior Pentagon aide: "The era is over of flamboyant combat heroes rising to the top of the military. The military is no longer going to win the budget game through image and authority. The brass are going to win it by knowing their stuff and knowing how to present it."

At this, Jones is an ace. During the current SALT II ratification hearings, he has made numerous trips up Capitol Hill to testify. Leaning intently across the witness table, with rows of ribbons^{*} glistening on his four-starred uniform, he has persuasively argued the military case: that SALT II is acceptable if the U.S. increases its arsenal to counter the growing Soviet threat. To a significant degree, it has been the clarity and force of Jones' arguments that transformed these hearings into a wide-ranging analysis of national defense needs. The Jones touch was also evident in a successful campaign against the Office of Management and Budget, OMB wanted to limit military pay raises to 5%, but Jones got 7%. He has been equally persuasive at the White House, where he helped send Jimmy Carter on the MX mobile ICBM.

Jones does not win every argument, of course. Indeed, he still bears the scars of the fight over the B-1 supersonic bomber. Carter canceled that project in June 1977, when ex-Bomber Pilot Jones was Air Force Chief of Staff and the plane's leading advocate. Carter's surprise decision shook the Air Force. Its generals immediately began talking of mounting a campaign in Congress to save the bomber and they looked to Jones to lead the attack. Jones concluded instead that such a campaign would have almost no chance of succeeding. "That was an agonizing decision," he recalls today. "Maybe we could have made a better case, but the President had made his decision."

Some Air Force hard-liners, still smarting from the B-1 experience, have insinuated that the J.C.S. chairmanship was the reward Jones got for going along with the White House. To be sure, Carter, like most Presidents, prizes team players. But the main element in Jones' selection was the problem-solving managerial talent that he

had demonstrated during his four years as head of the Air Force and prior to that as commander in chief of the U.S. Air Forces in Europe between 1971 and 74.

What was more unusual about Jones' appointment as the nation's top soldier was that he neither attended a service academy nor finished college. A native of South Dakota, he dropped out of Minot State in North Dakota in April 1942 to join the Army Air Corps. Ten months later he had his pilot's wings as a second lieutenant. To his dismay, instead of being sent into combat, he spent the war in the U.S. training other pilots. His combat turn came during the Korean War, during which he flew B-29 bomber missions over North Korea.

His first important staff job came in 1955 at the Strategic Air Command, where he served two years as an aide to its legendary chief, General Curtis LeMay. Jones refers to LeMay as "my mentor." In 1964, at age 43, Jones decided to learn to fly fighters. He outperformed many of the students who were half his age and went on to command an F-4 Phantom wing. Major posts in NATO, Viet Nam and back at SAC later earned him his stars.

As Chairman, Jones works at least a dozen hours daily, many of them at his stand-up desk in his spacious second floor Pentagon office. Not directly involved in commanding troops, he primarily oversees and coordinates the four service chiefs. He took a speed-reading course to help him through the mountains of paper work, and he writes memos fluently with both right and left hands. "I do it totally unconsciously," he says of this unusual ambidexterity. "It depends on how I'm sitting or standing."

Reserved and dignified, Jones is not known to slap many backs or crack many jokes. No one but a few retired generals, especially LeMay, would dare call him "Davey"—at least not to his face. Explains former Air Force Vice Chief of Staff William McBride: "I've never seen him slam a desk or shout at anybody. But at the same time, he is exasperated with people about half the time. It is hard to work for him if you're mediocre. He demands that everybody be as good as he is—and that's pretty tough." But Jones can also show tenderness. When ailing, wheelchair-bound Omar Bradley, 86, visited the Pentagon in July 1978, Jones personally took the nation's only living five-star general on a nostalgic 45-minute tour of the headquarters.

Jones tries to play racketball every day and tries to jog a couple of miles daily. "I ran before it became popular," he says. He and his wife Lois (they were married in 1942) live in the Chairman's sprawling official residence at Fort Myer, in Virginia, a short distance from the Pentagon. Their two daughters are living on the West Coast, and their son David, 18, is attending Auburn University in Alabama. "He tells me he wants to be an Air Force pilot," the Chairman says of his son, and then adds with a smile, "If he doesn't, he'll have to go to work." For one who does not seem to regard the Air Force as work, David Jones has done quite a job.



David Jones prepares to take off in the plane he piloted to Japan this month

^{*}Among his decorations: the Distinguished Service Medal, Legion of Merit, Distinguished Flying Cross, Bronze Star Medal, Air Medal, Asiatic-Pacific Campaign Medal, Korean Service Medal, Viet Nam Service Medal, French Legion of Honor, Venezuelan Air Force Cross, Italian Knight of the Grand Cross, Japanese First Class Order of the Rising Sun, Missileman Badge.

riod of time. Like the Army, the Air Force has an ammunition shortage. Currently, it is very low on air-to-air missiles.

Naval Forces. In no area has the U.S.S.R. been catching up faster than at sea. Just two decades ago, the Red fleet was primarily a coastal defense force, rarely venturing far from its home shores. Today, its 1,769 vessels constitute a full-fledged blue-water navy (see picture page). Meanwhile, the U.S. Navy has been steadily declining, from 955 ships two decades ago to 458 today. This is roughly half the number of ships the Navy had before the attack on Pearl Harbor in 1941. Complains a high Navy official: "We've been underinvesting for 15 years. Shipbuilding has been dismal." Because of its 13 mammoth aircraft carriers and the high technology crammed into its other surface ships and submarines, the U.S. Navy still commands the seas. For how long, is another matter. There are indications that the Soviets may be building their first large-deck aircraft carrier and are already well along with the construction of a 30,000-ton nuclear battle cruiser.

Just to keep the U.S. fleet at its present size would require construction of 17 new vessels annually. Yet the fiscal 1980 budget authorizes only 14 new ships. This includes a \$2 billion aircraft carrier, six guided-missile frigates and two nuclear attack submarines. The admirals would like an extra \$2 billion to \$2.5 billion for shipbuilding in 1980. This would buy two more attack submarines, one more destroyer armed with the devastatingly accurate AEGIS guided-missile weapons system, a landing ship for the Marines and two oilers. The oiler shortage typifies the Navy's plight. While at least 21 oilers are needed to keep the fleet steaming, only 16 are available and ten of these were commissioned before the end of World War II. Mines are also scarce, and tor-



Exhaust billows as atomic-armed FB-111s practice rapid start-ups at a New York air base
\$6 billion to remodel these planes to help close the "window of vulnerability."

pedo stockpiles are so low that there are not even enough to arm all U.S. attack subs for two patrols.

Amphibious Forces. Sending in the Marines has traditionally been one of the nation's most effective means of intervening in distant lands. There is concern now, however, over whether the Leathernecks could really reach the beaches. Declares Nunn: "If the U.S. Marines were called upon to undertake a major landing in the Persian Gulf or elsewhere in the Middle East, they would probably have to walk on water to get ashore." With only 63 amphibious ships, the Marines are suffering from a severe shortage of vessels for such operations and probably could not land more than one division at a time.

The fiscal 1980 budget earmarks \$41 million for start-up costs for the first \$300 million LSD-41, a 15,774-ton amphibious vessel that could carry about 340 Marines. But senior officers would like a commitment of \$1.2 billion for four of the new LSDs. The Marines also want 336 British-designed, vertical-takeoff Harrier attack planes (cost: \$5.7 billion), plus 33 heavy-lift and attack helicopters (\$400 million for the first year's production). Bringing Marine Corps ammunition stockpiles up to a level that could sustain combat operations would cost an extra \$1.5 billion; improving battlefield command systems would run \$400 million.

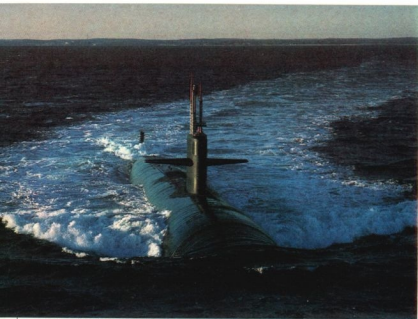
So hard up for cash is the corps that it is reluctantly planning to shrink itself. Through attrition, it will drop to 179,000 by mid-1980, a reduction of 10,000. Says a senior Marine officer: "We are reducing manpower to pay our bills. There is no sense in having a force like the Marine Corps if it does not have the means to go to war."

Resupply Capabilities. According to General Jones, "In any large operation or full-blown conflict short of a nuclear exchange, lift becomes a very critical factor." He feels that the Pentagon's ability to resupply troops rapidly on the battlefield is "one of the areas in which we run into limitations early." Though the Air Force would have sufficient planes to rush troops overseas, including requisitioned commercial airliners, it would not have enough to take along their arms and equipment.

The Air Force wants more transport aircraft, but has not yet decided how many. Also needed are additional tankers for airborne refueling of transport and combat planes. In fiscal 1980 the Air Force will be buying four KC-10 tankers, a version of the McDonnell Douglas DC-10 jetliner, at a total cost of \$200 million.



A G.I. trains with his M-16 rifle during Army maneuvers at Fort Benning, Ga.



U.S. Navy atomic-powered Los Angeles-class attack submarine at sea

America still commands the oceans, but for how long is another matter.

In all, the service will purchase 20 of the \$50 million tankers.

The total annual cost of the programs that the experts have cited tops \$30 billion, and even these would not exhaust the Pentagon's shopping list. Yet this sum already exceeds what a 5% military budget boost would yield. Chairman Jones and the Joint Chiefs therefore will have to set program priorities, an exercise that has almost always aggravated interservice rivalries.

More and better weapons would obviously strengthen all the armed forces, but they will not solve what many experts feel is perhaps the nation's most serious military shortcoming—manpower. Admits Chairman Jones: "We have a growing personnel problem in the military." To Senator Gary Hart, the Colorado Democrat, "the big factor in the strategic equation is not weapons. None of them makes any difference if the people aren't there to man them."

The basic total numbers reveal no manpower shortages. The 562,419 men and women in the Air Force and the 524,514 in the Navy bring both services up to 99% of their authorized minimum force levels; the Army with 752,468 soldiers and the Marines with 189,000 stand at 98%. But these figures are deceptive. The Air Force, for example, badly needs pilots and technical officers. The Navy is short of more than 20,000 petty officers in a variety of skills and also officers in such critical areas as aviation, nuclear propulsion and medical care. Complains Admiral Thomas Hayward, the Chief of Naval Operations: "Our retention of second-termers has dropped from a barely satisfactory 59% in 1975 to a totally unsatisfactory 48% today." First-termers have been proving even harder to retain;

the Army's re-enlistment rate for this group is a dismal 38%. Notes a senior Pentagon official: "The absence of skilled people can take a very sophisticated weapons system and turn it into mush."

One of the most disturbing trends has been the fall in recruitment. For the first eleven months of fiscal 1979 (through this August), the 127,500 men and women recruited by the Army were only 89% of its

goal and a 5% drop from a year earlier. Though the other three services have been doing better, all are below their targets.

Worse yet, the quality of the recruits has been dropping. Only 72% of those inducted during the first eleven months of fiscal 1979 had high school diplomas, compared with 76% for the previous year. Yet the electronic gear on today's battlefields requires highly skilled G.I.s. Warns General Edward Meyer, the Army's new Chief of Staff: "Clearly there is some level at which the Army has to say, 'Whoa! That's far enough. We can't take any more of the [low intelligence] category.'" Meanwhile, the intense pressure on military recruiters to fulfill quotas, as well as the lure of bonuses they receive for doing well, apparently has prompted widespread cheating among them. Some 1,100 recruiters are now being investigated by the Pentagon.

Would more money cure the manpower problem? Some experts think so. States C.N.O. Hayward: "Since 1972, when we had the last major pay adjustment, real military compensation has declined about 17% in purchasing power. Average union pay and benefits have increased 5% in purchasing power during the same period." From this, the nation's top admiral concludes that "the system is totally out of whack when a janitor on union scale makes almost the same salary as a chief petty officer with 17 years of service." General Jones puts it in different terms.

"There is a popular perception that the military receives too many benefits. I say, if military benefits are all that great, why are we having all these people leaving?" But to improve pay and benefits would be very costly. A wage increase that simply permitted servicemen to catch up with inflation since 1972 (about 75%) would cost \$5 billion. Restating attractive educational benefits, similar to the old G.I. Bill, would run an additional \$1 billion.

Whether the Pentagon can afford to pay billions more for manpower when it needs billions just for ammunition is going to be one of the most controversial questions in the defense budget debate. Yet even now, a surprising 60% of every Pentagon dollar goes for personnel costs. The Soviets, by contrast, devote less than 30% of their defense outlays to personnel. How the Kremlin does this is no secret. Because the U.S.S.R. never abolished conscription, 75% of all Soviet males are drafted. (The rest are deferred for the familiar reasons: poor health, family need, employment in a critical job.) But the Pentagon is compelled to rely entirely on volunteers and thus must pay wages and offer benefits reasonably competitive with those available in the private economy.

For demographic reasons, the manpower squeeze is going to get



Harold Brown during a visit to Key West's Naval Air Station
He warns about a "tilt in the balances of power."



Soviet carrier's escort off Ryukyus: the missile cruiser *Petropavlovsk*



Forger VTOL, wing tip folded, after landing on the carrier *Minsk*

Forgers and helicopters (cloths over noses) on flight deck of the *Minsk* provide "an intervention capability"

PHOTOGRAPHS BY MITSURU SHIRATA



Now the Minsk

Few signs of the growing power and diversity of the Soviet armed forces are more striking than the U.S.S.R.'s development of aircraft carriers. Though the Soviets built two helicopter-carrying warships in the 1960s, it was not until 1976 that they produced their first true carrier, the 38,000-ton *Kiev*. Last February came her sister ship, the *Minsk*, and two more of the same class are being built.

While the *Minsk* was cruising off Japan last summer, Japanese photographer Mitsuo Shibata, flying in a rented plane, spotted Moscow's newest carrier and took this revealing set of aerial pictures near Miyako Island in the Ryukyus. With the *Minsk* he found the *Petrovskiy*, a Soviet cruiser that carries a new type of missile apparently designed to shoot down cruise missiles.



Forger heads toward a landing on two columns of air blown downward by its jets.

The *Minsk* generally carries 15 Forger Yak-36 VTOL (vertical takeoff and landing) planes and 20 Kamov Ka-25 helicopters. The Forger rises and descends on a vertical column of air blown downward by two jet engines. Western analysts have not yet fully evaluated its functions, but it seems to carry antisubmarine weapons and both air-to-air and air-to-surface missiles. The copters appear to be designed primarily to attack submarines, but also have equipment that can guide surface-to-surface missiles launched from the carrier itself. The vessel has four launchers that can fire missiles with a range of 300 nautical miles and can launch antiaircraft missiles.

The *Kiev* and *Minsk* are thus multipurpose warships: their principal mission seems to be antisubmarine warfare, but they and their aircraft can attack surface ships. *Jane's Fighting Ships*, the authoritative British guide to the world's navies, notes that possession of a carrier force gives the Soviet Union "an intervention capability in so-called peacetime." *Jane's* believes that no more carriers of the *Kiev* class will be built after the first four, but expects a new class of larger Soviet aircraft carriers to begin appearing on the high seas in the early 1980s.

even tighter. Because of generally declining birth rates since 1960, a decreasing number of Americans will be reaching the minimum military enlistment age of 18 in the 1980s. The Pentagon will have an ever more difficult time getting enough recruits to maintain the armed forces at their present strength of 2 million. In view of this prospect, there has been a revived questioning of the concept of the all-volunteer force, which was started in 1973. Some analysts have called outright for the restoration of the draft. Others have suggested merely a return to compulsory registration for all 18-year-olds so that conscription machinery could start moving quickly if needed in a crisis. In September, the House of Representatives voted against restoring registration but asked the White House to study the question and report to Congress.

That the American arsenal needs strengthening is a proposition that has a diminishing number of dissenters, at least in Washington. There are some, like Senator Hart, who continue to argue that the Soviet threat has been exaggerated and that the Pentagon might not need all the money it has requested. Among most officials and experts, however, the debate is no longer whether to boost defense spending but how much and in what way. One substantial fear is that a higher defense budget would fuel inflation. Insisted Maine's Edmund Muskie in a mid-September Senate speech: "The enemy who has the capacity... to devastate the economy—the defense budget, the Government's overall budget—is not the Soviet Union or any other enemy I can foresee. It is the enemy called inflation."

Anoninflationary means of obtaining the money needed to buy more arms might be to free funds by cutting the Defense Department's fat. Though Chairman Jones has stressed that it is "just plain wrong" to think that "somebody can tap a 'mother lode' by issuing an order to get more efficient overnight," he has admitted that "our feet should be held to the fire to be more efficient."

One recommendation by Washington's Brookings Institution: about \$500 million could be saved annually if the Pentagon stopped paying civilian blue-collar employees more than what comparable non-Government workers earn in the same community. Another by Congress's General Accounting Office: a gain of \$300 million if the military would simplify the methods by which it protects its telephone conversations from eavesdroppers.

Even if these recommendations are feasible (and accepted), the Pentagon would still have to turn to the federal budget for more money. This would alarm those critics who have argued that defense expenditures are particularly inflationary. Concluded Columbia Professor Seymour Melman in a report on the subject: "Cause and effect links the military economy to

inflation and unemployment." The kernel of a thesis put forth by Professor Lloyd Dumas of the University of Texas is that "people who do military-related work and the firms they work for receive a flow of money that is not balanced by a production of goods and services that can be used to absorb that money."

Such reasoning, however, could be applied to just about every expenditure by a Government bureaucracy, from the State Department's outlays for American diplomats to the battalions of inspectors employed by regulatory agencies. Moreover, whatever inflationary impact the Pentagon might have, it is relatively minor compared with that of other Government programs. Today, defense outlays are only half as much as Washington spends on social welfare programs. Says Murray Weidenbaum, a member of TIME's Board of Economists: "The inflationary effects of defense spending are sufficiently mild so that the decision about how much is to be spent on arms should be made on other, noneconomic grounds." It is notable that those years when the Pentagon budget was largest in real dollars, and took its greatest share of the G.N.P. and federal budget, were also the years when the nation enjoyed some of its lowest inflation rates. In 1955 inflation was nil, and in 1965 it was around 2%. Increases of more than 2,000% in Government spending on health and housing in the past decade, declares Nunn, show that the pattern of inflation fits "the real increase in nondefense spending." Observes Oregon Senator Bob Packwood: "Let's lay to rest the shibboleth that we have been chipping away at human resources spending on behalf of defense."

It can be maintained, in fact, that a nation's most fundamental social-welfare obligation to its citizens is to defend them against attack. The responsibility for this is entrusted to the armed forces, but the U.S. military has been denied sufficient resources to fulfill the responsibility. Catching up now is certain to be expensive. How much it will cost and how long it will take are urgent questions that the mounting debate on national defense will have to resolve. What exactly is the price of power?

Even more critical perhaps is another question: Are Americans willing to pay the price? There is, of course, a widespread sense that the U.S. confronts a deadly threat from the Soviets, and that something must be done about it. But deciding what to do will test the nation's confidence and nerve as well as its ability to see issues in a long-term perspective. It will also require a challenging self-examination in which the U.S. weighs its role as a superpower and balances the inherent heavy burdens against the benefits. How such a process turns out could set America's course for the closing decades of the century.

The President and the Phantom

Politeness in Boston, coy courtship in Chicago

There they were, only a seat apart on the dais: the President and the Senator who would be President. Jimmy Carter rose to praise the Senator's late brother for having "summoned our nation out of complacency." Then he listened attentively as the Senator described his brother's Administration as "years of grace, trust and hope," and vowed: "The journey never ends, the dream shall never die." The scene at the dedication of the John F. Kennedy Library in Boston was symbolic of Jimmy Carter's week; near-

shape organizationally." But Sergio Bendixen, executive director of the Florida draft-Kennedy committee, saw a different significance: "We proved we have strength. But it's very tough to fight the incumbent without a real candidate. With him in it, we would have swept Florida."

Nationwide opinion polls released last week showed that Carter is gaining among Democrats in trial heats against Kennedy. From a dismal 53%-to-16% deficit in July, the New York Times-CBS poll now places the President at 45% to

lems of families next summer (in Baltimore, Minneapolis and Los Angeles) and that he would create an office of families within the Department of Health and Human Services. He did not specify just what this new unit, which seems to contradict his promise to cut back on the federal bureaucracy, would do.

On the same day Carter openly courted the endorsement of Chicago Mayor Jane Byrne, and the Democratic organization she hopes to dominate, at a fundraising spectacular for her in the huge McCormick Place convention center. Some 11,000 people paid \$100 each to sit at dinner tables that covered two entire floors—the largest dinner ever held by Democrats in Chicago. The Mayor, the President and 124 celebrities filled a 150-ft-long dais built as a replica of the *Delta Queen*, the paddlewheel steamer Carter took down the Mississippi last summer. The mock boat was surrounded by a make-believe moat, and "Southern belles" in hoop skirts promenaded on decks above the head table. Mayor Byrne welcomed the President by sounding a blast on a steam whistle. Observed the impressed Carter: "This is an absolutely unbelievable sight."

The President tried to score points by noting some of the goodies he claimed his Administration had brought to Chicago: 250,000 more jobs, \$127 million in grants, and enough urban development funds to stimulate \$300 million in investment. He also promised to move an Air National Guard base at O'Hare International Airport so that that busy facility could be expanded.

Carter came very close to winning Lady Jane's heart. First, she offered some scolding words for the Kennedy supporters: "I admonish those who would divide the Democratic Party in the national elections that they might reap the wild political wind. I do not think we can afford a national intraparty bloodbath at this crucial time. It will be at our peril to flout the national political tradition that an incumbent deserves a second term." Was that an endorsement of Carter? Not quite. "It would be premature and presumptuous of me tonight to say that I believe the Democratic Party ought to renominate our present leader for another four-year term." But almost. "If the convention were tonight, I would vote in our party caucus without hesitancy to renominate our present leader for another four years."

Where did that leave the phantom of Hyannis Port? Not entirely out of Mayor Byrne's thoughts. She revealed that Kennedy had sent her a coy telegram, saying: "Remember that I have known you and loved you and Chicago longer." Indeed, Byrne got her start in Chicago politics as a campaign organizer for John Kennedy in 1960. Her office, in fact, is decorated with three photos of J.F.K. and one of Robert Kennedy. She does not display a picture of Jimmy Carter. ■



Kennedy, Wife Joan and Carter at the John F. Kennedy Library in Boston

"Any challenger had better be prepared for a long, tough fight."

ly everywhere he went the shadow of the phantom Ted Kennedy candidacy seemed to follow.

Generally, the President more than held his own in the skirmishing. As the slow counting finally ended in Florida's complicated caucus balloting to select delegates to a virtually meaningless Democratic convention, it was clear that Carter had decisively turned back the challenge of Kennedy's volunteer supporters. Though the victory was only psychological in significance, Carter's supporters went ahead by nearly 2 to 1 over the Kennedy slate. Carter even took the Miami area, 131 to 57. Yet Kennedy had shown spotty strength: he beat Carter in Tampa, Orlando, Sarasota and Fort Lauderdale.

Each side found satisfaction in the results. The meaning, as Presidential Press Secretary Jody Powell saw it, "Anyone who wishes to challenge the President had better be prepared for a long, tough fight every step of the way." Added a Carter strategist: "This showed we're in good

25% behind the Senator. Carter's approval rating in an Associated Press-NBC survey has risen to 24%, a climb of five points from a month ago. Better yet for Carter, this poll also disclosed that half of all Democrats now want him to seek reelection, a notable jump from 39%.

A bit obliquely, the President indicated that he is not even ready to concede that Kennedy has the Roman Catholic vote locked up if he decides to run. Baptist Carter flew to Kansas City, where he drew appreciative chuckles from some 600 priests, nuns and volunteers attending the annual convention of the National Conference of Catholic Charities. Carter joked about having been chided at a Sunday School class the day before about "spending an awful lot of time with the Catholics lately." In his address Carter repeatedly invoked the name of Pope John Paul II, noting the time they had spent together on the Pontiff's American visit. He drew applause by announcing that he would sponsor three conferences on prob-



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The Wayward Warehouse

Final verdict: no crime, much chaos in Carter finances

Every nickel and every peanut have been traced into and out of the warehouse, and no funds were unlawfully diverted in either direction." With that exculpatory conclusion, Special Counsel Paul J. Curran last week wrapped up his exhaustive, seven-month dig through the tangled finances of the Carter family peanut warehouse. There was "no evidence whatsoever" of criminal financial maneuvers by Jimmy or Billy Carter, said Curran, and "no indictment can or should be brought against anyone."

Curran's words came as good news for Jimmy Carter, long bedeviled by unproven accusations of financial misdealing and even cover-up. The disclosures

ny before the grand jury in Atlanta, remains sealed) demonstrates beyond serious challenge that no family or loan funds were siphoned into Carter's 1976 presidential campaign. More narrowly, it finds that Presidential Adman Gerald R. Shannon did not borrow from any bank in 1976 to keep Carter's media campaign alive, as some press reports had alleged. But less persuasive is Curran's conclusion that no banking or conspiracy laws were violated by the eccentric loan arrangements between Carter's warehouse and Lance's National Bank of Georgia. Curran's team found a quagmire of shoddy business dealings, inept management and astoundingly irregular transactions.

ingly held the checks, devising a dubious system of accounting to prevent them from bouncing. Despite that permissiveness, however, N.B.G. still managed to earn a respectable \$392,990 in interest on the loans.

Eventually the missing collateral and rubber checks began to worry even N.B.G. In June 1977, Vice President Robert Flynnt gingerly sent a dunning letter to Billy Carter for some \$400,000 in outstanding loan payments. He added in a gentle handwritten P.S.: "Please try to keep us in balance." That, and Bert Lance's troubles, finally brought the situation to the attention of Charles Kirbo, Jimmy Carter's trustee. Kirbo made himself overseer of the warehouse and by last year had finished paying off the bulk of the loans. Still, the President was obliged to borrow some \$440,000 to bail out the warehouse so it could be put up for sale early this year.



Billy Carter at the family storage facility in Plains, Ga.

Rubber checks and missing collateral almost outnumbered the peanuts.

of banking shenanigans that forced Bert Lance's resignation as Director of the Office of Management and Budget two years ago and finally ended in his indictment last May, had aroused suspicions that the Carters had illegally diverted family funds, including money borrowed from Lance's bank, to Jimmy's campaign treasury. The charges became so persistent that then Attorney General Griffin Bell reluctantly announced he would appoint a Watergate-style investigator. Last March he handed that touchy job to Curran, a cautious, scrupulously methodical former U.S. Attorney from New York, who also happened to be a Republican.

Curran and his team of three lawyers, four FBI agents and four investigative accountants pored through 80,000 bank and business documents and took 3,800 pages of testimony from 64 witnesses before a federal grand jury in Atlanta. The 180-page public version of Curran's report (a fuller version, with transcripts of testimo-

At both the warehouse and the bank, there were countless errors of both book-keeping and judgment. Although short on capital, the Carters unwisely launched a massive expansion of the warehouse. From 1975 through 1977, they borrowed nearly \$10 million to buy a huge new peanut sheller and enormous supplies of raw peanuts. But from the beginning, the warehouse consistently sold peanuts it was supposed to be holding as collateral for the loan. At one point in the spring of 1976, there were no peanuts at all on hand for two months, while the warehouse owed N.B.G. \$1.1 million.

With Jimmy busy campaigning, Billy was left in charge. His management was as unorthodox as it was sloppy. Despite the heavy debts at the warehouse, Billy borrowed cash from it for his gas station. He frequently wrote loan repayment checks on the warehouse account when there were insufficient funds in it to cover them, ultimately piling up nearly \$2.4 million in overdrafts. But N.B.G. oblig-

In all this finagling, Curran found only one "fairly low-level bank person" who had violated technicalities in the law. He was given immunity in exchange for testimony. Nor were any of the bank's or the Carters' sloppy practices deemed intentional enough for prosecution. Said one investigator: "There was no evidence of fraud. Misstatements were part of the pattern of errors."

Among those errors are several that could still trouble Jimmy Carter, at least financially. Curran discovered that on 1975, 1976 and 1977 income statements used to compute taxes, the purchase and sale of thousands of pounds of peanuts had been recorded on the wrong dates. That, cautioned Curran, could result in "material income tax consequences." Just how much extra the Internal Revenue Service might now charge Jimmy, Billy and Lillian Carter (who was also part owner of the warehouse) has not yet been determined.

The President is said to have resented the drain the allegations made on his time and especially his reputation. But he was eager enough for public vindication to submit to a highly unusual four-hour grilling under oath. On Sept. 5 in the Treaty Room of the White House, Carter was formally "deposed," in the legal sense, by Curran and four deputies, only the second sitting President ever to undergo such an ordeal. (Gerald Ford testified on video tape in November 1975 for the trial of Lynette Fromme for her attempt to assassinate the President.) Courteous and surprisingly relaxed, speaking without notes but with two attorneys by his side, Carter patiently answered every probing question from the special counsel. (His testimony remains sealed.) It was not surprising last week when Carter reacted smugly to Curran's clean bill. "I knew it all the time," he said. "I'm glad the whole process is over. I hope that now they [the Justice Department] can turn their attention to crime control."



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The Presidency/Hugh Sidey

The Last of the Eisenhowers

He has the microwave smile that warms another person without heat. His feeling for America is long and loving. Milton Eisenhower, the last of that remarkable cluster of Kansas boys, turned 80 the other day and wished he could sculpt a U.S. President out of proven parts. He would weld his brother Dwight's heart bone to Franklin Roosevelt's head bone. What a work of political art that might be, he chuckles.

"No one matched Dwight Eisenhower in his love of people and his belief in people," said Milton. "He possessed great honesty and he had no selfish purpose. F.D.R. was a master at communicating with the people. They believed him. And then he possessed great optimism. The people learned to believe in themselves and they were able to overcome their troubles."

Milton Eisenhower knows that the political environment is a lot more complicated today than it was 20 years ago. "The whole system of electoral government is on serious trial," he said. He worries particularly about the fact that we in the U.S. are making politics a lifetime career. The search for "electoral immortality," he calls it. "Those in Congress know the causes of inflation," he insisted, "but the solutions are unpopular politically. They vote for re-election, not what helps the nation."

Eisenhower would like to see congressional terms limited and he is an advocate of the single six-year presidential term. Such restrictions might, in his view, restore a higher degree of courage to our process. "We should have had energy rationing three years ago," he said. "I mean the right kind of rationing that would cut waste."

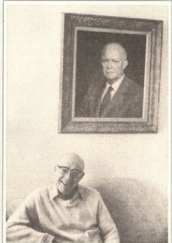
Many of those who were swept into office by the professional tactics developed in recent years, says Eisenhower, come to Washington with "the assumption that they don't dare be truthful" about the great questions facing the nation. The presidential selection process of dozens of state primaries preceding the conventions is also on the Eisenhower list of political abominations. He sees political maneuver being placed over purpose. "We are guaranteed that we are not going to get the kind of person we need," he declared.

In the White House a President wastes half his time on trivia, Eisenhower estimates. He recalls his brother's being constantly interrupted by a tap on the Oval Office door followed by an invasion of the alfalfa growers or some such organization. Roosevelt once told Milton Eisenhower: "In this job you have a hundred responsibilities each day. You can redeem only four or five of them ... You must make choices that are not very happy."

Milton Eisenhower, diplomat and scholar, collected his wisdom from service with eight Presidents. He wrote messages for Calvin Coolidge, was a global troubleshooter for Roosevelt and worked a bit for John Kennedy, long enough so that he came to believe J.F.K. would have been a great President if he had lived.

Eisenhower believes that historians are already beginning to view Dwight with more appreciation. One of the reasons, he thinks, is Dwight's understanding of power and its consequences, and his firsthand knowledge of the people who ran the world in his day. Experience, suggests Milton Eisenhower, lies at the heart of successful leadership.

That kind of experience must be founded on deep wonder and humility, generated by an appreciation of the special blessings granted the U.S. His memory of his Abilene childhood is vivid and it still guides him. "Responsibility became as much a part of our being as eating and sleeping," he said. It seemed just right last Wednesday night when Milton Eisenhower, No. 1 Baltimore Orioles fan, threw out the first baseball in the last game of the World Series. The Orioles lost, but he is already cheering for next year.



Milton Eisenhower at Baltimore home

Sindona Returns

Was he doublecrossed?

He was last seen on Aug. 2, walking on New York City's Fifth Avenue near his \$500,000 apartment in the exclusive Pierre Hotel. Over the next ten weeks, his relatives and lawyers reported receiving letters—and even a photograph—that supposedly proved that he had been abducted by Italian leftist radicals. But police in the U.S. and Italy suspected that the missing man, Sicilian-born Financier Michele Sindona, 59, had arranged his own disappearance to avoid standing trial in New York on a 99-count indictment for bank fraud and in Milan on charges of swindling two banks of \$225 million.

Last week Sindona mysteriously reappeared in a public telephone booth at 10th Avenue and 42nd Street, just west of New York's sleazy Times Square. Looking wan and haggard, he had a gash in his leg that he said was a bullet wound, and was dressed in the same gray business suit that he had been wearing on Aug. 2. Because Sindona was nearly incoherent from exhaustion, his physician immediately put him under sedation and whisked him to a \$300-a-day room in fashionable Doctors Hospital.

FBI agents were allowed to question Sindona for only an hour a day because of his weakened condition, and they learned little about where he had been. According to relatives and physicians, Sindona maintains that he was abducted by Italian terrorists who wanted information from him about crimes committed by top Italian politicians, and that he was wounded when he tried to escape. Says his psychiatrist, Dr. George Serban: "If this gentleman was not kidnapped, he should get an Oscar for acting."

Law enforcement officials, however, give Sindona less enthusiastic reviews. They are investigating reports that Sindona arranged for his own kidnapping by young immigrants connected with gangsters in Sicily, and then was doublecrossed. In addition, the investigators are looking into reports that the mobsters held him somewhere in eastern Long Island and released him only after members of his family paid them an undisclosed bonus. The Sindona case is also being investigated in Italy, where police have arrested two brothers, Rosario and Vincenzo Spatola, both Sicilian contractors, for complicity in the financier's disappearance. In New York, meanwhile, Federal Judge Thomas Griesa ordered that Sindona be kept under guard, and set Nov. 26 for the start of his trial.



■ Michele Sindona

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PUSH's Jackson and Urban League's Jordan reporting on disagreements in Chicago

"Ill-Considered Flirtations"

Black leaders clash on how to deal with Jews and Arabs

Many American Jews were angered and alarmed by the spectacle of the Rev. Jesse Jackson embracing Palestinian Leader Yasser Arafat, and of the Rev. Joseph Lowery of the Southern Christian Leadership Conference joining Arafat in a chorus of *We Shall Overcome*. But to those who interpreted these odd scenes as a sign of black anti-Semitism, a contradicting voice sounded last week. Said Vernon E. Jordan Jr., head of the National Urban League, in a widely publicized speech to a Catholic audience in Kansas City: "Black-Jewish relations should not be endangered by ill-considered flirtations with terrorist groups devoted to the extermination of Israel. The black civil rights movement has nothing in common with groups whose claim to legitimacy is compromised by cold-blooded murder of innocent civilians and schoolchildren."

Nor was Jordan alone in trying to change the direction of recent arguments about black-Jewish relations, a problem that surfaced after the resignation of U.N. Ambassador Andrew Young following secret contact with the Palestine Liberation Organization. Benjamin L. Hooks, executive director of the National Association for the Advancement of Colored People, sent a statement last week to the N.A.A.C.P.'s 1,700 U.S. branches urging that "our historic close working relationships with the American Jewish community" be maintained and strengthened.

Moreover, some N.A.A.C.P. members joined a black delegation to Israel led by Labor Leaders William Pollard and Bayard Rustin. Though the visit had been scheduled before black-Jewish tensions became inflamed, Rustin said he wanted "to make clear to the Israelis that there are great numbers of black people who want the United States to give Israel

whatever support it needs." Israeli Premier Menachem Begin, who had refused to see Jackson or Lowery, received the Pollard-Rustin delegation warmly.

Jackson was hardly fazed by the criticism. Continuing to defend the P.L.O. as "a government in exile," he met Jordan in Chicago, and Jordan said afterward that "we agreed to disagree without being disagreeable." Others on Jackson's side were less cordial. The Rev. Wyatt Tee Walker, a onetime aide to Martin Luther King Jr., charged that Jordan had succumbed to "the plantation syndrome." The Rev. William Augustus Jones, president of the Progressive National Baptist Convention, sneered that the Jordan-Hooks statements proved that the Urban League and N.A.A.C.P. operate under "financial constraints imposed... by their white members and supporters." The implication that Jordan and Hooks had been subverted by Jewish donations was oddly timed, because it became clear last week that some black organizations are getting Arab cash. Jackson's PUSH (People United to Save Humanity) acknowledged receiving an \$8,000 contribution from a group that is called the Association of Arab-American University Graduates.

How serious is the split in the black leadership? That leadership has never been monolithic, and it has always been debatable how many constituents any particular black leader represents. In the present dispute, Jordan and Hooks, whose two organizations have hundreds of thousands of supporters, would seem to speak for many more than Jackson and Lowery. PUSH and S.C.L.C. are both smaller and more narrowly financed. PUSH indeed had its payroll frozen by an Illinois judge last week in response to a suit filed by a New York City public relations firm to which PUSH owes \$16,000; Jackson dis-

missed the action as "a case of a Jewish firm trying to punish us for the stand I've taken."

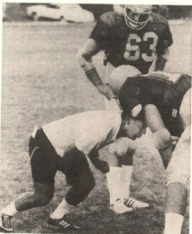
In any case, the dispute seems to be among black leaders far more than among their followers. Interviews by TIME correspondents with scores of blacks across the country demonstrate a widespread belief that the whole subject of black anger against Jews has been vastly exaggerated. Says Mary Treadwell, executive director of Pride, Inc., a black self-help group in Washington, D.C.: "Most of the mom-and-pop grocery stores here these days are owned by Asians, and the competition for job training and political benefits is with Hispanics. For the average guy in the street, black anti-Semitism is something he reads about in the papers, not something he feels." While many blacks do favor negotiations with the P.L.O., it is scarcely an important consideration for them. Says one black Chicago businessman: "Most of the blacks I come in contact with didn't know we [blacks and Jews] were supposed to be mad at each other until our so-called leaders told us."

The outlook thus is for black-Jewish tensions to calm down, but enough tension will remain to ensure that the old black-Jewish coalition will probably never regain the strength it had in the 1960s.

Hit 'Em High

When Kush came to shove

Frank Kush was the classic all-American success story. One of 15 children, he grew up in a company-owned house above coal Mine 35 outside Johnstown, Pa., won a football scholarship to Michigan State University, and in 1958 was named head coach at Arizona State in Tempe. There his Sun Devils became one of the toughest teams in the country. Kush's coaching record of 176 wins, 54



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Nation

losses and one tie was second only to that of Alabama's Bear Bryant.

Kush, 50, has now gone the way of another legendary coach, Ohio State's Woody Hayes. Three hours before A.S.U. was scheduled to meet Washington, Kush called a hasty press conference and beat university officials to the punch in announcing that he had been fired. Like Hayes, whose roundhouse right to the throat of a member of the opposing team last season led to his dismissal, Kush was canned in the wake of reports that he too had struck a player.

Last month Kevin Rutledge, a former A.S.U. punter and defensive back, filed a \$1.1 million suit accusing Kush of assault, public defamation of character and a conspiracy to drive him off the team. In 1977 Rutledge was one of the school's few freshmen to win a varsity letter, but a 1978 car accident left him weak and underweight. He says that he asked to be red-shirted (sit out the games but attend practices) for that season. Kush scheduled him to play. Rutledge was averaging a poor 34.6 yds. per kick, and in last year's match with Washington he made a particularly

bad punt. As he left the field, Kush allegedly grabbed him by the helmet and punched him in the face.

Kush denies the charges. A self-styled tough guy, he was notorious for driving his players to the limit. His training camp in the Tonto National Forest was known as Kush's Koncentration Kamp. But Kush claims that he treated players "like my sons." Says he: "I have slapped kids on the headgear with my hand, and believe me, it hurts my hand a heck of a lot more than it will ever hurt the kids. I want them to look me in the eye."

Nonetheless, last week A.S.U. Athletic Director Fred Miller released statements from four players who swear that they witnessed the assault. One of them, Steve Chambers, told TIME: "He's hit me with pipes, boards and a ship's rope." Another A.S.U. player said that team members were asked to sign affidavits stating that they never saw Kush hit Rutledge. Some signed. "I learned that Frank Kush was attempting to cover up the fact that he hit Kevin Rutledge," says Miller. "I could not allow our athletes

and coaches to be further intimidated."

Meanwhile, Rutledge's family has been the target of threats and violence. Last month his father's insurance agency in Phoenix was torched. Later, the family was told by an anonymous phone caller, "If your boys go out on the football field Friday night, they're liable to get blown up." Kevin's brother Robert, a Gilbert High School defensive back, has played under an alias. Even Attorney Robert Hing, who represents Kevin Rutledge, received threats on his life. Note Hing: "I was under the impression that football was supposed to be fun."

Some fans speculate that Kush's firing may be part of a university attempt to settle out of court with an apology and token damages for Rutledge. But an influential group of Sun Devils boosters, the Sun Angels, loudly demanded that Kush be reinstated and Athletic Director Miller suspended.

At his final coaching appearance, in which A.S.U. upset Washington 12-7, Kush was carried off the field by his players while 70,000 fans chanted "We want Kush!" Miller left under police escort. ■

Americana

Zany Zach

Move over, Zeke Zzypt of Chicago and Vladimir Zzyd of Miami. Few have proved more zealous in trying to be the last personal name in a local telephone book than Zachary Zzzzzzzzz, who has brought up the rear of San Francisco's directory for eight of the past 15 years. Several years ago, when he was just plain Zachary Zzzra, Zzzzzzzzz discovered to his sorrow that he had been zapped from last place by Zelda Zzzwramp, and so he added another z to his name. Last year, as Zzzzzra, he was infuriated when he lost out to Vladimir Zzzzzabakov. This year,



he outstripped all rivals by becoming Zzzzzzzzz and once again won the last word.

Zzzzzzzzz is actually Bill Holland, a 59-year-old painting contractor who uses his telephone name as an advertising gimmick, telling potential customers to look him up in the back of the book in-

stead of handing out business cards. The listing yields jobs, but it also brings a few zingers: Holland has received crank calls in the middle of the night from as far away as Australia. And his phone bill often totals over \$400. "People making illegal calls from phone booths look up the last name in the book and charge them to me," he explains. "I don't pay a damn one of them." Zounds!

Soapy Sentence

After Thomas South, 20, pleaded guilty to shouting obscenities at police officers in Cortland, N.Y., Judge Lynn P. Dorset offered him the choice of a \$50 fine or having his mouth washed out with soap. South chose the suds. Arresting Officers Christopher Kabat and James Rice took South into the washroom of the police station and watched while he put some granular hand soap into his mouth and washed it out with water. Judge Dorset, who has offered the soaping to previous offenders, finds that none of the foul mouths who accept turn up again in court.

Rattling Andrus

When Dominique's, a French restaurant in Washington, advertised fresh Pennsylvania rattlesnake sautéed in wine for \$9.25, Interior Department Herpetologist C. Kenneth Dodd Jr. whipped off a



letter to the beany urging that the reptile be spared. Pennsylvania's scarce timber rattlesnake is rapidly approaching extinction, he warned. Interior Secretary Cecil Andrus got wind of the letter and promptly fired Dodd, mainly for sending a personal protest on official Government stationery.

But as soon as the chief conservationist's venomous reaction leaked to local newspapers, environmental groups rallied angrily to Dodd's defense. One such spokesman charged Andrus with "flagrant abuse of power" and "harassment" of "a dedicated public servant." Another point embarrassing to the Secretary: he is known as a regular diner at Dominique's. Last week the kitchen got too hot for Andrus, and he reinstated Dodd. As for Dominique's, it now serves the plentiful, unendangered diamondback rattler.

World

ZIMBABWE RHODESIA

Breakthrough in London

Lord Carrington wins his gamble, but hazards lie ahead

Even veteran U.S. diplomats had to concede that it was a "masterful" performance. Said one State Department official: "Hard ball is what the entire process is all about. Carrington has proved that he can play that very well indeed." Thanks largely to the tactical skills of Britain's urbane, aristocratic Foreign Secretary, the sixth week of the Lancaster House Conference in London on Zimbabwe Rhodesia ended with a long awaited breakthrough: Patriotic Front Co-Leaders Robert Mugabe and Joshua Nkomo after a four-day exclusion from the talks accepted a British-drafted constitution. In return Lord Carrington promised Western-financed compensation for any lands nationalized by a future Zimbabwe government.

That agreement ended a deadlock that had developed when Carrington, as chairman of the conference, two weeks earlier put forth a constitutional plan requiring compensation for all dispossessed landholders. Bishop Abel Muzorewa, Prime Minister of Salisbury's biracial government, immediately accepted it, but Mugabe and Nkomo raised a number of objections. The guerrilla leaders were particularly incensed at the idea of asking Zimbabwe's blacks to buy back lands that they believe were stolen by white pioneers in the 1890s.

The whites, who constitute only 3% of the population, now control half of Zimbabwe Rhodesia's territory and more than 80% of its most productive farm lands. This imbalance, the guerrillas argued, would have to be redressed by a sweeping program of land redistribution. After the

Front repeated its rejection of the British plan, Carrington excluded them from the talks and began bilateral negotiations with the Muzorewa government.

Much credit for bringing the Patriotic Front back to the conference table went to leaders of the front-line African states (Tanzania, Zambia, Mozambique, Botswana and Angola), which provide crucial support to the guerrillas. Staggering under severe economic pressures, these countries have been urging their Patriotic Front wards to negotiate a settlement of the costly seven-year war. Front-line leaders were shocked by Carrington's strong-handed tactics and feared that the success of the talks was being "jeopardized" by a mere technicality. Tanzanian President Julius Nyerere, a key sponsor of the Lancaster House talks, invited the other front-line Presidents to an emergency summit at Dar es Salaam to seek a way out of the apparent impasse. The meeting fully supported the guerrillas on the land question and made a conciliatory plea for both sides to "move on to the next crucial stage."

Washington, meanwhile, played a key role in some behind-the-scenes negotiations aimed at getting the financial guarantees that might help resolve the crisis. Although it has avoided any direct role in the negotiations, the Carter Administration is considering a multinational "Southern Africa Aid Package," which would provide between \$1 billion and \$2 billion to Zimbabwe Rhodesia and the neighboring states that have suffered from the war. State Department officials insist that this is a broad-based "agricultural

and development fund" and not a "buy-out-the-whites scheme." Still, the initiative provided assurance that substantial U.S. aid would be available for Zimbabwe Rhodesia's future land-reform projects, including nationalization.

At the urging of the front-line leaders, Nkomo and Mugabe adopted a face-saving compromise and rejoined the talks. They dropped their objections to guarantees of white citizenship and pension rights, leaving the land settlement as the only outstanding issue to be resolved. Carrington's assurances, backed by the promise of U.S. aid, removed that obstacle.

Behind Carrington's bold handling of the crisis lies a determination on the part of Prime Minister Margaret Thatcher's Tory government to rid itself of the "Rhodesian cross" as swiftly as possible. The British policy shift involves more than a mere change of government from Labor to Tory. Perceptively reading the mood of the Commonwealth and front-line states, Carrington had first to dissuade Thatcher from a premature recognition of the Muzorewa government. He then had to embark on negotiations whose success seemed doubtful to many observers from the outset. A breakdown in the tripartite talks, which came perilously close last week, would have involved tremendous risks. Britain would then have been virtually obliged to recognize the cooperative Muzorewa regime, lift sanctions and oversee elections without Patriotic Front participation. That course would not only have angered the front-line and Commonwealth states, it

White settlers with blacks protesting land seizures in 1890s; Salisbury delegates display new Zimbabwe flag on Thames River cruise



could also have provoked an escalation of the war and possible intervention by Communist bloc countries and South Africa. But by facing down the guerrillas last week, Carrington won big on a high-stakes gamble.

The Foreign Secretary must now try his luck on a new set of problems, namely the transitional arrangements. His plan calls for the Muzorewa government to repeal the 1965 Unilateral Declaration of Independence, dissolve the Salisbury Parliament and relinquish its own power. During the six-month run-up to elections, Rhodesia would effectively revert to the status of a British colony, run by a British governor assisted by some 300 civilian and military advisers. A cease-fire would confine the Salisbury security forces to their barracks and the guerrillas to their bases, leaving Commonwealth observers to police the elections.

Carrington's plan is likely to meet strong objections from both sides. The Patriotic Front has thus far insisted on sharing power with Muzorewa and the British during the interim period and merging its armies with the Salisbury security forces. Muzorewa, on the other hand, may balk at the idea of abandoning all authority during the interim period. Hard-lining Rhodesian whites, led by former Prime Minister Ian Smith, can be expected to offer stiff resistance to a settlement that strips them of most of their remaining power.

The key to the Rhodesian response may ultimately lie in the hands of Lieut. General Peter Walls, commander of Salisbury's security forces, who flew to London last week to join the talks. A tough soldier who has directed the relentless seven-year fight against the guerrillas, Walls is unlikely to permit the dismantling of his 52,000-man force, much less its integration with the 40,000-man Patriotic Front forces. Nor can Salisbury's principal backer, South Africa, be counted on to support a weakening of its ally's military might. Pretoria recently hinted that it would intervene militarily should the forces of "chaos and confusion" descend upon Zimbabwe Rhodesia. Last week South African Foreign Minister Roelof ("Pik") Botha flew unexpectedly to London to express his government's concerns to Carrington and Thatcher.

The formidable difficulties ahead cannot obscure the reality that emerged from last week's crisis: after years of bloodshed and fruitless diplomatic maneuvers, the warring parties had finally agreed upon a majority-rule constitution. Whatever hazards lie ahead, that indispensable foundation has been laid, and the prospect of a peaceful settlement looms somewhat larger on the horizon. Despite their divergent views on the shape and form of the future Zimbabwe government, neither side relishes the alternative of all-out civil war. As one front-line diplomat put it last week, "War is about life and death, but a parliament is not."

Nkomo: "We Are Not Villains"

Joshua Nkomo, 62, is generally regarded as the father of black nationalism in Zimbabwe Rhodesia, having risen from trade union organizer to leader of the first independence movement, in the mid-1950s. Last week the burly, jovial guerrilla leader presided over another historic turn in London, where his ZAPU party directed much of the Patriotic Front political strategy that led to the acceptance of the constitution. Shortly after his fateful meeting with Lord Carrington, Nkomo discussed the possibility of a settlement with TIME Johannesburg Bureau Chief William McWhirter. Excerpts:

Q. Does the agreement on the constitution give you any satisfaction?

A. I'm still not very satisfied at the way the British are handling things. When they proceeded without us to talk to the Salisbury group, it confirmed our suspicions: Lord Carrington just wants to show the world an acceptable constitution and then say that the Patriotic Front is refusing to implement this reasonable document because the interim arrangements are not to its satisfaction. They want to lift sanctions and pass legislation for a government that will play their tune. This is what I call the law of Moses. Carrington is the type of man who believes he can make no mistakes; he can only deal with the Muzorewas who love that treatment. If we get into the second phase with that sort of attitude, then I'm afraid



Nkomo at London press conference

we're in for a real hard time.

Q. Then why did you submit to the British constitution? Was it because you have no intention of fulfilling it anyway if you assume power?

A. The point is that the British are getting out, so there is no need to argue with them. Within six months, we will deal with our country in the way we want. We will abide by what we have agreed, but we at least want to be certain that we get something we can use. We have sacrificed sufficient lives already to push the British and the Salisbury regime to accept one man, one vote. No one ever thought they would accept this.

Q. The most crucial issue between you and the British became that of land nationalization and compensation. What will be the effect of your land policy?

A. If the U.S. had not stepped in, it would have been very difficult to move on this question. The war is about land, and the British were protecting the settler element's right to keep land to themselves. But this does not mean we want to rob the white settlers of their land. The whites are an essential part of the country and therefore they must have some land as citizens. Only that land that is not fully utilized will be made available to other people. This arrangement would affect perhaps half of the white-controlled land. Private ownership is a foreign ideology. Our system is that the land is yours for as long as you work it, and the fruits of your labor belong to you. But you don't own it. It's the people's property.

Q. What chances would you give for the rest of the conference to succeed?

A. This is the most crucial stage and also the most difficult to handle. We're not just dealing with the shape of the transitional arrangements, but with the end of the war. With two armed military forces facing each other, it's not going to be easy to reach a cease-fire. What happens to the men? What happens to their equipment?

People have a lot of wrong views of us. We are not the beasts and villains we are painted to be. We've come here to succeed, not to fail. We've come here to negotiate, not to push other people's heads. What have we been fighting for really? For one man, one vote. I think we deserve it. We've given our lives for Zimbabwe and we must get it.



Under a banner reading, "Struggle for Basic Learning Conditions," students demand the expulsion of troops from Peking's People's University

CHINA

From Peking to Paris

Advice for NATO—and a warning to Hua's critics back home

On a dingy street in a working-class arrondissement of Paris, French President Valéry Giscard d'Estaing, Mayor Jacques Chirac and China's Chairman and Premier Hua Guofeng (Hua Kuofeng) climbed to the second floor of the newly repainted Hôtel de Godefrey. There they peered briefly into Room 16, where nearly 60 years ago the late Chou En-lai met with fellow Chinese students to thrash out many of the ideas that led eventually to the Communist takeover of the world's most populous nation. Hua's pilgrimage to Chou's onetime cubicle may have been the sentimental high point of his seven-day visit to France, his starting point for a three-week, four-nation tour of Western Europe.

Hua's arrival in Paris was marked by pageantry appropriate for the first trip to Western Europe by the top leader of the Chinese people. After Hua's American-built 707 jet rolled up at Orly Airport, he stepped onto an "extra-long" red carpet for a brief walk to an Alouette helicopter and a 15-minute flight to the Esplanade des Invalides, where 150 mounted members of the elite Republican Guard were drawn up in splendid array. There was an obligatory wreath-laying at the Tomb of the Unknown Soldier at the Arc de Triomphe, a succulent lunch of salmon and duckling hosted by Premier Raymond Barre (Hua demonstrated his mastery of Western cutlery) and a surprise meeting with Henry Kissinger, who was in town publicizing his memoirs. At week's end, Hua visited the Breton cities of Rennes and Brest to inspect a naval base, an electronics factory and farms, and then departed for tours of West Germany, Britain and Italy.

The basic purpose of Hua's visit was to reiterate China's desire to open up to the West. The Chairman also expressed his support for both the European Community and NATO in the common struggle

against "hegemonism," Peking's code word for Moscow's expansionist ambitions. In a long-winded toast delivered at Giscard's welcoming dinner, Hua reeled off a list of Soviet sins, without once mentioning China's Communist archrival by name. He declared: "In Europe a serious state of military confrontation continues. In the Middle East, in Africa, in the Red Sea area, in southern Asia and in Indochina, ever more perfidious means of aggression and expansion are being used, namely by sowing discord, meddling in the internal affairs of others, fomenting coups and even by using intermediaries to practice armed aggression and military occupation." Accompanying Hua, Chi-



Giscard greets Hua in Paris last week
Hitting hegemony and backing SALT.

nese Foreign Minister Huang Hua offered some lukewarm support for SALT II. Claiming that China is "not opposed to détente," Huang said: "We are not opposed to such discussions or agreements. They could possibly make sense."

Another purpose of Hua's call was to rebuild the trade links with industrial nations that have weakened since the Peking Politburo concluded that the rapid "four modernizations" program of Vice Premier Deng Xiaoping exceeded China's capacity to pay for it. In the past eight months, Peking has canceled or postponed billions of dollars worth of orders from Japanese, American and European companies. The retrenchment has proved particularly disturbing to France, which ranked as China's fourth largest trading partner in 1976. By last year it had slipped to eighth place and prospects for improvement diminished even more with the cancellation this year of contracts for two nuclear reactors worth \$2 billion. The ebbing commercial ties reflect not only France's inability to compete successfully with such industrial rivals as West Germany and Japan, but perhaps also Peking's displeasure with French reluctance to supply China with modern weaponry, including Mirage fighter planes. Giscard has pointedly rejected Soviet President Leonid Brezhnev's plea for a total ban on weapons sales to China, but so far no deals have been made.

Hua embarked on his voyage to the West amid signs of unrest at home that included criticism of his performance as party leader. Students and faculty members at People's University in Peking staged a near riot to demand the expulsion of Chinese troops who have been bivouacked in the school's dormitories since 1968. Last week peasants complaining that they had been maltreated during the Cultural Revolution took part in sit-ins outside government offices in the capital. A poster signed by Qiu Shui, a writer for the radical underground journal *Tansuo* (Exploration), appeared on Peking's "Democracy Wall," denouncing Hua for "interference" with China's judicial pro-

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World

TURKEY

A Game of Musical Chairs

Demirel again replaces Ecevit, as the country founders

As the NATO member with a window overlooking the Soviet Union, Turkey is a vital component of Western defense. Thus it is of no small concern to Washington that the country continues to be plagued by endemic political instability, terrorist violence and serious economic problems. In no small measure, Turkey's fruitless search for stability can be traced to lurching shifts in leadership that involve the country's two top politicians, Bülent Ecevit, head of the Republican People's Party, and Süleyman Demirel, leader of the Justice Party. Last week, in a routine that has now become alarmingly familiar, Premier Ecevit's government was forced to step down after losing its majority in a by-election for five seats in the lower house of parliament. Demirel, his arch rival, will now attempt to try to form a new government.

Since January 1974, Ecevit and Demirel have alternated as Premier half a dozen times. The two-man game of musical chairs has done nothing to resolve the country's protracted economic woes, which include a 70% inflation rate, 20% unemployment and shortages of everything from coffee (Turkish coffee is available only on the black market) to diesel oil. Moreover, religious and ethnic feuds have led to a frightening increase in violence. In the past 21 months, 2,100 people have been killed, most of them in confrontations between left- and right-wing extremists.

Demirel had been waiting impatiently to regain power since January 1978, when Ecevit lured away ten of Demirel's supporters in the lower house by promising them Cabinet posts. That took away Demirel's majority, causing his government to fall. It also gave Ecevit just enough seats to become Premier with the support of his own party and independents. This time Demirel decided to play Ecevit's game, by luring several of the Premier's supporters over to the opposition. In the by-elections, Demirel's party campaigned for the five lower-house seats and 50 (out of 183) senate seats as if the voting were nationwide. It paid off. The Justice Party won all five of the lower-house seats and picked up 33 of the 50 senate seats.

Ecevit had no choice but to go to President Fahri Korutürk and resign; he declined to try to form a new government and recommended that the mandate be given to Demirel. The Justice Party holds only 183 seats in the 450-member house. To form a government, Demirel will have to put together a coalition with two right-wing groups, the Muslim Nationalist Salvation Party and the ultrarightist National Action Party. Neither is a very

palatable partner for Demirel's moderate party.

The logical thing would be for Ecevit and Demirel to team up in a "grand coalition" of their two parties, which together poll more than 70% of the vote. Both are very near the center, with the Justice Party leaning a bit to the right and the Republicans to the left. But such a coalition appears impossible, because of the personal animosity and bitter rivalry between the two men. They are totally different in style and personality: Ecevit, 54, is an intense, ulcer-suffering intellectual and poet; Demirel, 55, is a talkative extravert and was a successful private businessman before he entered politics.

Meanwhile, Turkey founders. Three months ago Ecevit reached an agreement with the International Monetary Fund that allowed the country to reschedule \$5 billion in short-term debts and thus stave off bankruptcy. The IMF deal unlocked a package of \$1.8 billion in cash credits on favorable terms from the Organization of Economic Co-operation and Development countries and the U.S.

But all this has yet to make an impact on the Turkish public. Nearly all export earnings go for petroleum and fertilizers, leaving the vast state-owned industries without spare parts. The result: lower production and more unemployment. Says a State Department specialist in Turkish affairs: "We just hope that whatever the next government may be, it will stick to the terms of the IMF deal and not deviate from the international strategy for recovery. Otherwise, Turkey could become a flat-out disaster case."



Demirel after election victory

Luring away his opponent's supporters.



Dissident Editor Wei Jingsheng

The fifth modernization is democracy.

cedures. The poster attacked Hua's statement that Mao Tse-tung's widow Jiang Qing (Chiang Ch'ing) and the other members of the Gang of Four would not be sentenced to death when they go on trial, possibly next year. Wrote Qiu: "The sentencing of the Gang of Four should be based on the court's decision alone."

There are limits to liberalization in post-Mao China. In a pair of public show trials, portions of which were broadcast on China's scanty television network, two of the country's most prominent dissidents were served up as examples for Chinese citizens who take constitutional guarantees of free speech too literally. First to enter the dock was former Red Guard Wei Jingsheng, 29, who last year tacked up a famous wall poster calling for "the fifth modernization—democracy." As editor of *Tansuo*, he published an article detailing the harsh treatment of political detainees at Qincheng prison, outside Peking. After a 5½-hr. trial, Wei was sentenced to 15 years in prison for "counter-revolutionary agitation" and divulging "military secrets" to foreigners.

The other victim was Fu Yuehua, 34, a female activist who was tried for "libeling" a party leader by falsely accusing him of rape. She had helped organize mass demonstrations in the Chinese capital on the third anniversary of Chou's death last January. The crackdown on dissidents was castigated by State Department Spokesman Hodding Carter III, who for the first time since Washington established relations with Peking openly criticized China's human rights practices. It remains to be seen whether tough penalties will squelch the reforming zeal of China's small but active democratic movement. Predicted one of Wei's colleagues at *Tansuo* last week: "The longer the sentence they give him, the more untroubled there will be in the future."



Israeli troops break up Gush Emunim squatters' settlement on the West Bank

MIDDLE EAST

Israel's Dayan Walks Out

Angry resignation over West Bank weakens Begin regime

Moshe Dayan, Israel's hot-tempered war hero and Foreign Minister, has long been angry about the creeping pace of negotiations on the future of the West Bank and Gaza Strip. He blames not only the Arabs but also the intransigents on the Israeli side for blocking any opportunity of a breakthrough. In the midst of this week's Sunday morning Cabinet meeting, in a move that cast a pall over the whole negotiating process, Dayan translated his anger into action by abruptly resigning. He openly attributed his step to "my dissatisfaction with the way the [West Bank] autonomy talks are being conducted."

Ailing Prime Minister Menachem Begin, who said that he and Dayan "parted in friendship and warmth," planned to take over the Foreign Ministry himself, at least for the time being. (A logical replacement, Deputy Prime Minister Yigael Yadin, is in the hospital after suffering a heart attack.) But Dayan's departure is a sharp blow to the whole political future of the Begin regime. Opposition Leader Shimon Peres immediately called for Begin himself to resign and hold new elections. Although Begin is highly unlikely to take that course, his position is seriously weakened. Not only does Dayan have a considerable personal following, but other recent defections have narrowed the parliamentary majority of Begin's patchwork conservative Likud coalition from 78 to 63 out of 120 seats.

Another factor in Dayan's conflict with the Begin regime was the endless

controversy over Israeli settlements in the West Bank. Leading the fight for more settlements was Agriculture Minister Ariel Sharon,* who last week submitted to the Cabinet a proposal calling for the expropriation of between 2,500 and 4,000 acres of privately owned Arab land on the West Bank. Dayan himself believes that all Israelis should have freedom of movement on the West Bank, but he is well aware that the Israeli settlements are passionately opposed by the Arabs, and that the U.S. has called them illegal.

In the acrimonious debate, both Dayan and Defense Minister Ezer Weizman threatened to resign. The deeply divided Cabinet voted down Sharon's proposal, but approved a "compromise" to expand seven existing Israeli settlements by expropriating 1,000 acres of publicly held Arab land (that is, land in which proof of private ownership does not exist). That was not enough for the nationalistic *Gush Emunim*, which fanned out over the West Bank and set up 35 to 40 squatters' settlements in protest. Israeli troops evicted them and tore down their tents. But the Cabinet's move to expand the seven settlements brought a stinging blast from Egyptian Premier Mustafa Khalil.

In an unusually candid TV interview, Dayan stated his own version of the type of policy Israel must follow if it wants progress on the Palestinian problem: a unilateral withdrawal of Israeli military government authorities from the West Bank

*Sharon, due in the U.S. this week to argue his cause, postponed his trip after Dayan's resignation.

and an evacuation of Israeli military forces from Arab population centers. Dayan proposed that the responsibility for municipal issues be transferred to local Palestinian councils even before the autonomy talks are concluded. That was clearly not a policy that appeals to Menachem Begin or the hawks in his Cabinet and so Dayan walked out.

His departure threw the talks themselves into confusion just when President Carter's Special Envoy Robert Strauss was due in London this week in an effort to provide some momentum. It was unclear what effect Dayan's resignation would have, but U.S. and Arab diplomats both regretted the loss of one of Israel's most flexible and imaginative leaders.

In a no less important area of negotiations, the U.S. was preparing a new diplomatic effort. This time the main goal was to turn the jittery ceasefire in Lebanon into a lasting truce. The hope is that United Nations and Lebanese forces can gradually take over the tenuous peace-keeping tasks performed over the past three years by Syria's 30,000-man occupying force.

The Administration is dispatching Philip C. Habib, former Under Secretary of State and now a special adviser to Secretary of State Cyrus Vance, for talks in Lebanon, Syria, Saudi Arabia, Jordan, Israel and the Vatican. Habib hopes to persuade Jordan's King Hussein and Syrian President Hafez Assad to pressure the Palestine Liberation Organization into withdrawing its guerrilla forces in Lebanon north of the Litani River. Lebanese army units would be beefed up and U.N. peace-keeping forces (UNIFIL) increased from 6,000 to 10,000. At the same time, Habib hopes to convince the Israelis that they must control their aggressive, surrogate Christian militia south of the Litani, led by Major Sa'ad Haddad.

If those measures could be worked out in the next few weeks, U.S. officials believe, the Syrians would then agree to bring some of their peace-keeping troops home. Explains a State Department Middle East expert: "We know that Assad, for domestic political reasons, wants to get his troops out of Lebanon. There has been a lot of grumbling in the ranks about the hopelessness of their role there. On the other hand, Assad wants to be certain of the truce's chances. He doesn't want to withdraw and find his own security jeopardized by a new civil war." The Israelis are unhappy with the occupying role Syria plays in Lebanon. They also fear that any troops recalled from Lebanon could be used to reinforce Assad's forces on the Golan Heights. Last week military officials in Tel Aviv were concerned over reports that Assad had returned from Moscow with the promise of at least 200 more Soviet T-72 tanks and an unknown number of MiG-29 interceptors.

That, like Dayan's resignation, suggested an ominous future. ■

EL SALVADOR

A Coup Against Chaos

A new regime promises reform, but may not be able to deliver

The country has long been on a collision course with anarchy. Since January, at least 600 people have died in clashes between El Salvador's military government, left-wing terrorists and murder squads directed by the country's ultra-reactionary oligarchy. Marxist guerrillas have kidnapped a score of foreign businessmen, extorting at least \$40 million in ransoms. The kidnappings sparked a flight of foreign capital that further weakened the tottering economy of one of the hemisphere's more densely populated nations (531 people per sq. mi.). Presiding over the chaos was General Carlos Humberto Romero, 57, an inept military despot who was despised even by his reluctant supporters in the armed forces.

The *coup d'état* that unseated Romero as President last week was greeted with unabashed enthusiasm in Washington. "It's the best piece of news we've had in this office for a long time," said a State Department official. Well aware that Romero was out of touch with El Salvador's realities, U.S. policymakers have been hoping for some kind of "evolutionary change" that would avoid the horrendous bloodshed of Nicaragua's civil war. Whether El Salvador's new rulers will be able to maintain peace in their factionalized little country, however, is doubtful.

The plot to oust Romero was hatched about six months ago by a cadre of liberal army officers organized as a "council of military youth." They were assisted by reformist academics of the Jesuit-run University of Central America José Simón Cañas. Inspired by the success of Nicaragua's revolution, both groups were convinced that the only way to prevent all-out "class warfare" was to end the corrupt military regime and, as an intellectual who helped plan Romero's ouster explained last week, overhaul the country's "antiquated economic, social and political structures."

Two weeks ago the conspirators informed the U.S. embassy in San Salvador that they were ready to stage Romero's overthrow. Last Monday their forces moved swiftly through the capital city, carrying out the plotters' plan to "behead the army" by arresting the general staff and putting 85% of the senior officers on the retirement list. Through an American diplomat, they informed Romero that he had until 3 p.m. to get out of the country. With that, the President (whose brother José Javier was gunned down by leftists five weeks ago) boarded a plane and fled to Guatemala.

After Romero's exit, the army named a five-man junta of soldiers and civilians that one liberal academic describes as "100% nationalistic and anti-imperialistic." Its members: Colonel Adolfo Arnoldo Majano, 41, deputy chief of El Salvador's military school; Colonel Jaime Abdul Gutiérrez, 43; Román Mayorga Quirós, 36, an M.I.T.-educated electrical engineer who was formerly rector of the University of Central America; Guillermo Manuel Ungo, 47, a university administrator who ran for Vice President in the 1972 election; and Mario Andino, 43, an electrical engineer known for his progressive political views.

The new junta promised to hold elections, possibly as early as next year, and to use the huge coffee and cotton plantations that occupy the bulk of the country's arable acreage for land reform. It ordered an investigation into the fate of 276 people who "disappeared" during Romero's reign. It pledged to form close ties with Nicaragua's new revolutionary government and to establish diplomatic relations with Cuba. The junta also begged El Salvador's leftist guerrillas to lay down their arms and join in building a "just society."

The sweeping changes won quick approval from Washington, which hailed the new government as "progressive and reasonable." It also won the cautious en-

dorsement of San Salvador's Archbishop Oscar Romero y Galdámez. In a broadcast over the national radio station, the archbishop pleaded with his countrymen to give the new regime time to prove that "its beautiful promises are not dead letters but rather a real hope that a new era has begun for our country."

His plea had little impact. First to ignore it were the notoriously brutal Treasury Police, who killed 18 people in a savage attack on striking workers at four large factories in the capital. Leftist terrorists cut loose with an orgy of violent protest, blowing up three power plants and burning seven buses. The 75,000-member Popular Revolutionary Bloc, the largest of El Salvador's leftist movements, denounced the new junta as merely a "change of face" and planned a mass demonstration in San Salvador. While giving permission for the demonstration, the new junta warned that it would use force, if necessary, to prevent a new outbreak of street fighting. Declared Ungo: "The state has the legitimate right of self-defense. We will allow political dissent but not delinquency." At week's end the terrorists announced that they would halt their offensive, but renew it if the new government failed to deliver on its promised reforms.

In Nicaragua, meanwhile, the three-month-old revolutionary government was also under fire. The new regime had released thousands of Somoza's loyal national guardsmen from custody and permitted many of his henchmen to take refuge in the embassies of countries that supported the Somoza dynasty. These unrepentant loyalists have attempted a counterrevolution, with political assassinations and minor acts of sabotage. Marxist Interior Minister Tomás Borge Martínez is determined to crush this threat, even if doing so belies the new regime's promise of a "generous revolution." Last week the decomposed body of Somoza Loyalist Pablo Emilio Salazar, the flamboyant "Comandante Bravo" of the national guard, was found in Honduras' capital of Tegucigalpa. Salazar had been tortured, and shot six times. By week's end his assassins were still unknown.



Members of El Salvador's new ruling junta appear at a press conference in San Salvador: from left, Andino, Gutiérrez, Ungo, Majano and Quirós. The only way to forestall "class warfare" was to send Romero packing and overhaul the economic, social and political structures.

World



Brezhnev being helped downstairs by East German Party Chief Erich Honecker (left) and aide

SOVIET UNION

Rumors of Death

Absences spark stories

Leonid Brezhnev was not at the airport to greet Syrian President Hafez Assad when he arrived in Moscow last week for a three-day state visit. Nor did the Soviet President and Party Chief show up for a Kremlin dinner in Assad's honor. Both absences were grave breaches of protocol. Since nothing is seriously amiss with Syrian-Soviet relations, Brezhnev's non-appearances quickly led to speculation that he was seriously ill.

More than that, in midweek a rumor flashed round the world: Brezhnev was dying or, indeed, was already dead. As had occurred half a dozen times in the past five years, the story spread that the Soviet leader had succumbed to one of his many ailments, which allegedly include emphysema, cancer of the jaw, heart disease, gout and leukemia. Kremlinologists pointed out that Brezhnev had not been seen in public since his return to Moscow two weeks ago from a state visit to East Germany. There observers had been shocked by the Soviet leader's shuffling walk, slurred speech and a paralyzed left cheek that suggested a recent stroke. On several occasions he could walk only with the help of aides.

The stories of Brezhnev's demise gathered momentum when Agence France Presse reported from Brussels that Moscow's regular evening news program had been canceled for important state reasons; the press agency speculated that an announcement about Brezhnev's health was imminent. In fact, the Moscow news show went on as scheduled. Meanwhile, Soviet embassies in the world's capitals were flooded with inquiries—especially after it was learned that three American specialists had performed eye surgery on a se-

nior Kremlin leader. (He was not Brezhnev but probably Politburo Member Mikhail Suslov, 76.) In New York City, Wall Street brokers picked up the tale of Brezhnev's death, passing it on to the New York banking community. On Capitol Hill, Senators went from office to office discussing the rumors.

At week's end, Soviet Ambassador to the U.S. Anatoli Dobrynin formally assured Secretary of State Cyrus Vance that Brezhnev was alive, if not entirely well, in the Kremlin. Quipped a Communist Party official in Moscow: "With rumors like that, Brezhnev should live for a hundred years."

SOUTH KOREA

Riots and Rights

Park faces new protests

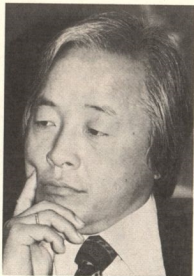
After a series of inflammatory antigovernment rallies, 3,000 university students tore through the streets of Pusan last week, attacking government offices with rocks and fire bombs and battling police far into the night. The Seoul government denied student claims that five demonstrators had been killed, but admitted that six, along with 73 policemen, had been injured. Six police cars and 21 sentry boxes were destroyed. The eight-hour rampage, which followed several other clashes the night before, was the most serious outbreak of rioting in South Korea since the student rebellion that overthrew President Syngman Rhee in 1960.

The challenge was not lost on the tough, army-backed regime of President Park Chung Hee. After calling an emergency meeting of his Cabinet, Park clamped martial law on Pusan and replaced the local police chief with a general as military governor. The government also ordered a curfew, closed the campuses of both Pusan National Uni-

versity and Dong-a University, and imposed press censorship. Park appealed to the South Korean public to cooperate against "unruly moves threatening the foundation of constitutional rule."

The rioting was only part of a broad surge of unrest against Park's autocratic rule. Three days before the Pusan riots, all 69 opposition deputies in the 231-member National Assembly angrily resigned to protest the expulsion of their popular leader, New Democratic Party Chief Kim Young Sam. The assembly majority—carefully stacked with tame members appointed by Park—had voted to oust Kim after he attacked the government as "a basically dictatorial regime," called on the U.S. to "pressure" Park on behalf of human rights and declared that he was prepared to discuss reunification with North Korean Dictator Kim Il Sung.

Washington was displeased with Kim's expulsion and even more concerned about the consequent turmoil, which could only damage the reliability of a Far Eastern ally that has 39,000 U.S. troops stationed on its soil. Even before the rioting, the State Department had criticized what it called "a definite retrogression of human rights in South Korea" and showed its disapproval by recalling Ambassador William Gleysteen for "consultations." At week's end, Defense Secretary Harold Brown, accompanied by Gleysteen, went ahead with a long scheduled visit to Seoul. Even though he announced that the U.S. was withdrawing 1,500 of its support troops from the country, Brown reassured the South Koreans that the U.S. stood ready to come to their defense in case of a North Korean attack. American officials also said that Brown's briefcase carried a private, more pointed message for Park: a rebuke from President Carter.



Opposition Leader Kim after expulsion
Challenge to a "dictatorial regime."



You have 1½ seconds to find what's wrong in this picture and do something about it.

You're driving down a quiet street. There's no traffic, no kids on bicycles, no pedestrians, nothing is moving.

Two heartbeats later, one of the parked cars pulls out right in front of you. You slam on your brakes, but it's too late. Tires screech. Metal bends. Glass breaks. Luckily, no one is injured. This time.

The steering wheel scan

Like most accidents, this one could have been prevented.



Just make it a habit to scan the steering wheels of parked cars on your side of the street. When you see someone behind a wheel, he's a potential driving hazard.

Will he pull out in front of you? Open his door to get out? Does he see your car? You can't possibly know what's going to happen next, so expect the worst and take action to avoid it. That's the cardinal rule of defensive driving.

In this case, defensive action would start with taking your foot off the gas. On a four-lane street, pull over to the center lane to give yourself a little room. Tap your horn if it appears that the driver of the parked car doesn't see you. And, most important of all—be ready to stop. **FAST!**

New Shell Answer Book has more defensive driving tips

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Economy & Business

More Woes on the Oil Front

Protests at home and a price revolt in OPEC as Saudi power wanes

In Concord, N.H., it took the form of an automobile "honk-in" outside Jimmy Carter's re-election campaign office. In Nashville, a 500-lb. pig with BIG OIL painted on its side was led to city hall to munch slops from a dish labeled AMERICAN WEALTH. In Washington, D.C., elderly citizens bused in to join a picket line outside the American Petroleum Institute.

In more than 100 cities and towns in 35 states last week, hundreds, and in some cases thousands, of demonstrators joined in the biggest protest ever against what the country is targeting as "Big Oil." They voiced fears of a winter of low temperatures and high fuel costs, passed out "Big Oil Discredit Cards" and waved banners declaring, "I don't want to freeze in the dark." For most, the principal peeve was not gasoline prices or petroleum industry profits but the 60% rise in the cost of heating oil in the past 2½ years.

Whether justified or not, the Big Oil protest, which was sponsored by a number of diverse labor and political groups, came at an odd time. As it happened, the most visible oil price gougers last week were not the oil companies but some of the more militant price hawks in the Organization of Petroleum Exporting Countries. Iraq, Libya and Iran all announced boosts of 10% or more in the overall cost of their crude, and other producers seem likely to follow suit. What really alarmed oil consumers was that the Libyan and

Iranian rise, like that announced by Mexico a week before but unlike those announced by Iraq or earlier by Kuwait, broke through the \$23.50 per bbl. price the cartel set in June as a "ceiling" for at least six months.

This early piercing of the OPEC lid came despite an attempt by Saudi Arabia, the largest oil producer, to keep the lid on. Last July, Saudi officials announced that they would raise their daily oil production

during the remainder of 1979 from 8.5 million to 9.5 million bbl. Not so long ago, such an increase would have prevented unilateral price hikes. No longer. The rules of the oil game have changed.

The essential problem, as the Saudi Oil Minister Sheik Ahmed Zaki Yamani admitted during a visit to Washington last week, is that OPEC has "lost control" of price levels. It is now up to the oil-consuming nations to limit price increases by curbing demand. Yamani's point is well taken. The only reason that Libya and Iran have been able to lift prices so much so soon is that, despite an international agreement earlier this year to curb imports, demand for oil continues to grow at a time when Iran's internal problems and lack of technical expertise threaten supply cuts at any moment. In the first eight months of this year, oil imports by Japan, Italy, West Germany and France increased by between 5% and 13.2%. Though U.S. consumption has fallen somewhat, the country's imports have also risen, though only by 1%.

Yamani argued that the U.S., the largest oil consumer, must make new efforts to expand its own domestic oil reserves while simultaneously curbing consumption. The nation's reaction to the energy problem up to now, he insisted, has ranged from "panic" to "almost absolute apathy"; he urged "drastic action" that might even include some form of rationing. Yamani further warned that harsh steps taken now



Saudi Arabia's Sheik Yamani

A call for "drastic action."



MICHAEL HEERING—L.A. HEARD EXAMINER

would not necessarily prevent further OPEC oil price increases next year, but that a continued failure to cut demand would be "an economic catastrophe."

The latest price rises are not the only bad news to come from the cartel this month. In recent weeks, it has become known that several major oil producers, including Dubai and Qatar, are moving to end several large long-term supply contracts so that they can sell their crude on the spot market in the Dutch oil port of Rotterdam, where prices have far outstripped OPEC levels; they have risen from \$33 per bbl. a month ago to \$40 last week. At the same time, Kuwait, Nigeria, Algeria and Venezuela have announced further oil production cutbacks, ranging from 10% to 25%, next year. The basic aim: to keep supplies tight and prices high if and when worldwide demand slumps because of a broad economic slowdown in the consuming countries.

The implications of the escalation in prices and tight supplies are ominous. Last week studies by both the CIA and the Department of Energy forecast a return to shortages in the U.S. in the early 1980s. Another prediction: a rise in the basic OPEC price of crude to \$86 per bbl. by the mid-1990s. Even in the immediate future the outlook is grim. Testifying before Congress last week, Federal Reserve Board Chairman Paul Volcker warned that "the success of the anti-inflationary effort is very much bound up in what happens to energy. Our economy is vulnerable. Our security is vulnerable."

The dismal outlook was spelled out in blunt terms last Thursday by Jimmy Carter. Addressing delegates to a national energy conference, the President warned that "in the future, supplies are going to be shorter and prices are going to be higher." He added: "My own judgment is that OPEC is probably producing at a max-

imum level, and the tendencies are toward reduced production."

This tight balance means that the consuming countries can do little but swallow further price increases and almost nothing at all to ward off the possibility of future shortages. Last week the Senate approved and passed to the House Carter's stand-by gasoline rationing plan, which now seems certain to become law; even so, it can only be used in times of severe shortages. The President also agreed to support congressional moves to grant funds to help their higher energy bills. A plan approved by the Senate Finance Committee last week would extend tax credits for high home heating costs to 9 million families with incomes of \$22,000 a year or less; they would get an average credit of

\$62 a year, though it would be available only to homeowners using high-cost heating oil or natural gas from Canada or Mexico.

The main concern in Washington now centers on just what will happen at the oil cartel's next price meeting, to be held in Venezuela in December. Last week the current president of OPEC, the Oil Minister for the United Arab Emirates, said that he personally would prefer that there be no formal increase, but it seems much more likely that the militant producers will push through some rise, perhaps to the \$25 or \$26 level.

As worrisome as the price situation is the fact that the OPEC countries are once again speaking openly of wielding the "oil weapon" for geopolitical purposes. In his

Thursday address, Carter buttressed a call for greater emphasis on conservation with a warning that the U.S. must be able to protect itself from nations "like Libya, who in time of crisis cut back on production for political punishment, or harassment, or perhaps even blackmail."

In fact, the cutback weapon was being waved last week by other, more influential, OPEC governments. Iraq's President Saddam Hussein said in a Baghdad speech that the Arab world is "threatened by fragmentation more than ever before," and declared that the threat of a new oil embargo would remain the Arabs' chief weapon against their enemies. Yamani himself did not hesitate to drop some hints of a direct link with U.S. Middle East policy. Said he: "If we have peace in the area, you will be amazed at how many beautiful and healthy results you can get from that, including in the field of oil." Translation: the cost of crude oil will increasingly be reckoned in terms of diplomatic cooperation as well as dollars.

A calendar for the inflation-worm

19 NOVEMBER 79						
SUNDAY	MONDAY	TUESDAY	WEDNESDAY	THURSDAY	FRIDAY	SATURDAY
				1 Hest	2 Hest	3 Hest
4 Hest	5 Hest	6 Hest	7 Hest	8 Hest	9 Hest	10 Hest
11 Hest	12 Hest	13 Hest	14 Hest	15 Hest	16 Hest	17 Hest
18 Hest	19 Hest	20 Hest	21 Hest	22 Hest	23 Hest	24 Hest
25 Hest	26 Hest	27 Hest	28 Hest	29 Hest	30 Hest	

Economy & Business



Treasury Secretary Miller (left) and Federal Reserve Chairman Volcker lecturing and listening to a congressional committee

Where Is That Recession?

The slump has slipped, but it is still on the way

The Carter Administration's effort to ease the nation into a short and shallow business downturn in order to slow inflation increasingly resembles the attempts in 1916 by Russian noblemen to kill Rasputin: they fed Tsarina Alexandra's mystic poisoned teacakes and wine, then shot him three times, and finally had to drown him in St. Petersburg's icy Neva River. Despite record-high interest rates, the long awaited recession still refuses to materialize definitively.

Last week the Commerce Department reported that the nation's output of goods and services, which had declined at an annual rate of 2.3% in the second quarter, actually rose again by 2.4% in the July-September period. Since a recession is commonly defined as two consecutive quarters of economic decline, it thus will be early 1980 before experts can formally announce the arrival of a textbook recession. But the latest indications of growth were deceiving and cannot endure long. The upswing was due primarily to a temporary increase in consumer spending, as people who had been kept away from stores last spring by gasoline shortages did catch-up shopping during the summer.

Economists believe that the nation's business will decline again this fall. Nonetheless, signs of continued economic vigor abound. Homebuilding, which is usually hit hard by high interest rates, remains strong; housing starts actually rose by 4.2% in September, to an annual rate of 1.9 million. At the same time, the use of the nation's industrial capacity edged up above 85%.

It was just such evidence of economic strength that two weeks ago led Federal Reserve Chairman Paul Volcker to push up interest rates to new highs and announce new measures to curb the inflationary growth of the nation's money sup-

ply. But the money stock actually expanded by \$2.8 billion in the first week after the "Volcker Package" was announced, and the Fed immediately began tightening credit and forcing up interest rates still further. This drove the Dow Jones index of industrial stocks down an extra 24 points last week, renewing memories of the Great Crash that occurred 50 years ago this month (see following story).

Already the cost of money for almost all purposes is soaring. Federal Home Loan Bank Board Chairman Jay Janis predicts that mortgage rates, which now average 11.5% nationwide, could reach 14% by January. Meanwhile, the ability of consumers to pay for costlier credit, oil and everything else is rapidly declining. Washington Economic Consultant Michael Evans calculates that inflation and the rising tax bite have reduced the

spendable income of a family of four earning \$20,000 annually by \$1,000 so far this year. If consumers suddenly begin closing up their wallets and pocketbooks, as they are expected to, inventories of unsold goods will rise and business will fall off sharply. Even Treasury Secretary G. William Miller, who had previously been happy-talking the economy by predicting that the recession was already half over, last week admitted that the coming downturn might be deeper than he had thought and warned that "strains and dislocation are still ahead."

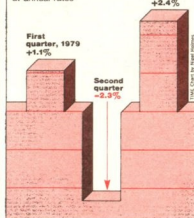
After the upheavals caused by Volcker's monetary policy moves, the international commodity and money markets last week were enjoying rare refreshing quiet; the dollar held its own in Europe and rose dramatically against the yen in Japan. At the same time, gold slipped moderately to end the week at \$393 per oz.

Fed Chairman Volcker remains a man on the spot. Lane Kirkland, George Meany's apparent successor as president of the AFL-CIO, has already condemned the Fed's big rate boost as the "wrong move at the wrong time." Economist John Kenneth Galbraith labeled the Federal Reserve's program "an incredibly dubious policy" that will cause a steeper decline but help very little in slowing inflation.

Carter Administration officials are remarkably untalkative about the record rates, evidently in hopes that the developing downturn will become known as the Volcker Recession rather than as a product of Jimmynomics. Indeed, voters do seem concerned about the climbing cost of money. One night last week, when Volcker arrived at Washington's Kennedy Center for a preview showing of Tom Stoppard's play *Night and Day*, a woman approached him and said plaintively, "Please, don't let interest rates stay high for too long." Replied the Federal Reserve chairman, as he removed the cellophane from his 20¢ Antonio y Cleopatra Grenadier cigar: "We're trying our best."

GROWTH REBOUND

Percent change in real G.N.P.
(1972 constant dollars)
at annual rates





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The Day Wall Street Was Silent

Fifty years later: 1929 and all that remembered

Without hearing a word of what is being said or shouted, any experienced trader on the floor of the New York Stock Exchange can listen to the hum of voices around him and tell what is happening. An up market has a different pitch from a down market. But old Wall Street hands vividly remember an exception to that rule. One day 50 years ago next week, recalls David Granger, 76, a senior partner at Granger & Co., a Wall Street brokerage house, "there was a hush over the floor that I've never heard since. It was funereal." Indeed, it was Oct. 29, 1929—Black Tuesday, the most cataclysmic day of the Great Crash. It was the day prosperity died and the U.S. economy began the decline that culminated in more than ten years of Depression and national anguish.

The panic selling had actually started the previous Thursday, Oct. 24. That was when the Dow Jones industrial average, having already slipped in seven weeks from its record high of 381, dropped by six points on spectacularly high volume to 299. The plunge continued on Friday, on a half-day session Saturday, and on Monday as well. But Tuesday is nonetheless remembered as the truly black day: as frightened shareholders across the country rushed to sell, trading volume soared to an unprecedented 16,410,030 shares,* the Dow tumbled another 31 points, to 230, and it was clear to almost everyone that something catastrophic had taken place. The Dow was down 151 points, or about 60%, from its September peak. When its wild plummet finally stopped in July 1932, the index was at 41, and the stocks it represented were worth around 12% of what they had been valued at in September 1929. All told, in three years investors lost more than \$74 billion, which in terms of today's inflated dollars would be nearly \$300 billion.

Signs of impending disaster had appeared all through 1928 and 1929. The speculative fever of the Roaring Twenties had infected rich and poor alike, and vast numbers of people were dangerously overextended. Credit was absurdly easy to obtain, and most brokerages required only 10% cash for stocks bought on "margin." That is, one could buy \$10,000 worth of stock with just \$1,000. Many thousands did, lured into the market by boosters like John J. Raskob, the stenographer turned entrepreneur who built the Empire State Building. "Everyone ought to be rich," he wrote in an exuberant *Ladies' Home Jour-*

nal article; anyone who could invest \$15 a month, he declared, could eventually reap a profit of \$80,000. A Harvard behavioral psychologist named John Watson even found therapeutic value in speculation. "Sex has become so free and abundant," he theorized, "that it no longer provides the thrill it once did. Gambling on Wall Street is about the only thrill we have left."

The politicians seemed to endorse such ebullience. In his last message to Congress in December 1928, outgoing

whether or not the stock market crashed."

The decline turned into a rout on Oct. 24, five days before Black Tuesday, and in the days and weeks that followed Wall Street was like a city under siege. Broker Jonas Ottens, 78, then an odd-lot order clerk with Salomon Bros., recalls being pressed into service to telephone customers to tell them that their margined stocks were to be sold off unless they put up more money. "The first call was routine," he remembers. "But the second man acted so upset that I thought he was going to go out and kill himself. I just refused to make any more calls."

Leonard Jarvis, 75, now a senior vice president with Shearson Hayden Stone, remembers Black Tuesday as "a bloodbath. It was horrible." In the days after



Investors milling around the Stock Exchange as the bubble burst and paper fortunes vanished

"If somebody was going to commit suicide, we did not want him to land on us."

President Calvin Coolidge assured the country that it could "regard the present with satisfaction and anticipate the future with optimism." His successor, Herbert Hoover, said that the U.S. would soon see the end of poverty. Only a few public figures raised doubts. One of them was financier Paul Warburg, who warned in March 1929 that unless the Federal Reserve acted to curb speculation, there would be a collapse and "a general depression involving the entire country."

Such concerns began to seem more immediate during the summer of '29, as the economy began to falter. After the market reached its high on Sept. 3, there was a gentle decline, with ups as well as downs, for several weeks. "We tend to blame the market," says Kidder Peabody Chairman Albert Gordon, 78, who then worked in corporate finance for Goldman Sachs. "But the market was just a symptom. We were in a bad economic situation

the crash, he says, several of his friends committed suicide, one by jumping off the Daily News Building, another by leaping from his commuter train. One man asked a friend of Jarvis how someone could kill himself without pain; a drug was mentioned and the next morning the questioner was dead. Two weeks later the man who advised him shot himself. "They went one after another," says Jarvis. "They couldn't stand it any more."

Gordon recalls that when he and his colleagues left their offices at night, "we walked in the middle of the street; if somebody was going to commit suicide, we did not want him to land on us." It was not an idle concern. Charles Matthey, then 19 and a commodities clerk, was typing on a billing machine when a body crashed through a skylight and landed in his office. Says he: "It was extremely traumatic." George Fowler, a retired Morgan Guaranty Trust Co. vice president, was a

*That is far fewer than the record 81.6 million that were traded on the exchange on last Oct. 10. But many more shares are listed on the exchange now than in 1929, and the trading volume that occurred on Black Tuesday would be the equivalent of 435 million shares today.

Economy & Business

15-year-old office boy with the old Guaranty Trust Co. when a husband and wife jumped from the 33rd floor of an adjacent building. "Like everybody else, I ran to the window to see what was going on," he says. "It was horrible to see limbs and other body parts strewn around. A jaw was lying in the roadway, and a policeman pushed it with his foot to where the major parts of the corpses were."

Mattey, now 69 and a senior vice president at Bache Halsey Stuart Shields, blames the suicides on the psychology of the era. "Then people seemed to be more affected by the loss of money than they are today. When people lose a lot of money now, they just plan on how they are going to make a winner somewhere down the road. The people who lost then appeared despondent. They didn't seem to be in a frame of mind in which they could possibly make a comeback one day."



In the brokerage house back offices, where the huge volumes of shares traded had to be processed by hand, the working hours extended from early in the morning until well into the night. Some Wall Street firms sent their employees over to the St. George Hotel in Brooklyn Heights for a few hours' sleep, then brought them back early the next morning. Barbers were brought in to shave them at their desks. "We were going all the time," says Fowler. "The older fellows used to work until 8 or 9 o'clock at night and then go to some speakeasy for drinks. They lived fast." Some also spent some time in nearby Trinity Church, where they prayed and openly wept.

As the days went on and the panic spread, Western Union hired fleets of taxis to help deliver margin calls to speculators. It was common to see people rushing from their banks to their brokers with stock certificates and bonds they had just taken from safe deposit boxes. Insurance companies were besieged by people wanting to cash in or borrow on their policies.

On Black Tuesday itself some stocks could scarcely be given away. White Sewing Machine Corp., which had reached 48 not long before, had closed at 11 on Monday. On Tuesday someone—some say a messenger boy—suggested a bid of a dollar a share. Since there were no takers, he got a block of it. Reuben Thorson, 77, retired senior partner of Paine Webber, recalls, "The volume was so heavy that the tape was late by hours. We had no idea what the prices were."

At noon the members of the Big Board's governing committee held a secret meeting in a room under the exchange floor. Cigarettes were lit and the small room filled with smoke. Some members felt the exchange should be closed; others argued that if that happened it would never reopen. The governors did nothing, and by the end of the day \$6.7 billion more had been erased from investors' portfolios.

Many brokers and banks bought stocks on their own as a gesture of confidence, and on Wednesday old John D. Rockefeller, the personification of American capitalism, gave his reassurance to the nation's investors. Said he: "In the 90 years of my life, depressions have come and gone. Prosperity has always returned, and will come again. Believing that the fundamental conditions of the country are sound, my son and I have been purchasing sound common stocks for some days." ("Sure," replied Comedian Eddie Cantor. "Who else had any money left?") New York Mayor Jimmy Walker asked movie theaters not to run newsreels of the Wall Street panic, but to show instead "pictures which will reinstate courage and hope in the hearts of the people."

Hope, of course, did not return for years, and even now the Great Crash is a raw memory, particularly to those who were there. Could it happen again?

Probably not, at least not in the same way. Twenties-style speculation is all but impossible today. The market is closely supervised, and margin requirements are 50%, five times what they were then. In 1929 relatively small drops in the market ruined many plungers who had bought on margin. They had to sell, and their selling pushed other investors to the brink. The bull market had been built on flimsy credit, and when it started to topple, it did not fall slowly, but all at once.

"The dip we had earlier this month was insignificant compared with that of October 1929," says Harvard Economist Gottfried Haberler. "On its worst day this month, Oct. 9, the Dow fell by less than 3%; on Oct. 29, 1929, it fell by 12%." Adds Albert Gordon: "I think a repetition of 1929 is most unlikely. But obviously economic and human affairs go in cycles. It could well be that some time there will be a collapse. I've always thought that if we did have one, it would be the dollar, not the stocks." In the turbulent economy of 1979 that is no comfort at all. ■

Bernie Cleared

Court circus in Geneva

It took the twelve-member Swiss jury only 50 minutes to decide the long-pending case, and when acquittal was announced the Geneva courtroom erupted in applause. Then a smiling Bernie Cornfeld, 52, the bearded hustler from Brooklyn who had founded Investors Overseas Services, the bankrupt European-based mutual fund empire, repaired to a nearby café for a victory celebration. After a four-week trial that even the presiding judge described as a "circus," Cornfeld was declared innocent of charges that he had coerced employees of I.O.S. into buying its stock when he knew his operation was collapsing.

That apparently ended the legal troubles that had dogged Cornfeld for seven years since the fall of I.O.S., which he started in the 1950s and built into the world's largest offshore investment combine. At its peak in the late 1960s, I.O.S. managed assets totaling more than \$2 billion in mutual funds alone; armies of I.O.S. "reps" rang doorbells everywhere to persuade people to put their savings into one or another of I.O.S.'s 130 investment outlets. Cornfeld, a onetime social worker, proclaimed that "everyone can be a millionaire." As if to prove it, he lived a sybaritic life in a Geneva mansion built by Napoleon, where he was surrounded by purring cheetahs, freeloading jet-setters and a harem of adolescent beauties.

Cornfeld's fortunes tumbled with the end of the bull market on Wall Street in the late 1960s. I.O.S. shares, which had been going for as much as \$25 in mid-1969, were selling for 40¢ by late 1970. The I.O.S. board fired Cornfeld as chairman and called in New Jersey financier Robert Vesco, who returned the favor by milking the funds of an estimated \$227 million. He absconded in 1972 to Costa Rica and later the Bahamas. Angered at the way the I.O.S. shambles had besmirched their reputation for financial probity, the Swiss seized Cornfeld when he returned to the country in 1973 and held him for eleven months while they tried to assemble a case. When it finally came to trial, the case quickly crumbled, in part because many prosecution witnesses ended up praising Bernie; he had already started reimbursing them for their losses in I.O.S. stock when his bail was cut from \$3.1 million to \$600,000.

Nowadays, Cornfeld lives quietly in Beverly Hills and dabbles in real estate and movie financing. Acquittal or no, he says, "Geneva is not exactly the object of my affection." ■



Cornfeld

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Eagles Glenn Frey and Don Felder swap guitar licks in concert



Fleetwoods: John and Christine McVie, Buckingham, Fleetwood, Nicks

Music

The Monster Season

New albums by Fleetwood Mac and the Eagles strike fire

Some weeks ago, during the very particular and graceful lull of an English Sunday afternoon, two American travelers stopped by a pub in the village of Blandford, Dorset. The air was thick with Player's smoke and jollity, the sound of gentle joking, the slide and click of coins across the worn wood of the bar, and the easygoing strains of the new Eagles album.

Released just days before, *The Long Run*, an adept and insinuating work by the regents of California pop, had already crossed the ocean, penetrated cultural barriers where some resistance might have been anticipated, and found a snug home for itself. Besides being a reminder of the international power of American pop music, hearing *The Long Run* in Blandford helped to take the Eagles out of cultural context. It lifted them from the category of stainless-steel Los Angeles pop, in which they are usually confined on their home turf, and let their music stand free of preconceptions. It sounded good.

The ballads, always a group specialty, floated free and easy. Songs like *The Long Run* and *The Sad Café* seemed to sink right into your memory. The current hit single *Heartache Tonight*, or *In the City*, a hard dose of metropolitan late nights, or the ironic frat-house rocker *The Greeks Don't Want No Freaks* sounded rambunctious in a way that is new for the group.

The Eagles, one of America's top-selling acts (their last album, 1976's *Hotel California*, sold 12 million copies worldwide), have been popular favorites even as they have endured some tough drubbing from the critics. The group, particularly Co-Writers Don Henley and Glenn Frey, have been taking it on the chin for such presumed transgressions as coldness,

stylistic calculation and lyrical arrogance. Some of this criticism is justified. The Eagles are a motivating commercial force in rock more than a creative one. *The Sad Café* tries to shape a coda for the '60s by shoring up all the clichés of a generation ("love," "freedom," "amazing grace," "lonely crowd") and firing them off like salvos. The song becomes unwieldy, but its graceful melody rescues it. Henley and Frey have better luck closer to home, in the jokey, hokey bacchanal of *The Greeks Don't Want No Freaks* or the sly ironies of *The Disco Strangler* (a collaboration with String Player Don Felder) and *King of Hollywood*, in which a hard-hustling mogul is nailed neatly in two fleet lines: "He's just another power junky/ Just another silk-scarf monkey."

Fleetwood Mac, a band whose average lyric has the approximate weight and consistency of a summer breeze, have become the smash success story of the late '70s. They even outpoint the Eagles; their last album, 1977's *Rumours*, has rung up sales of something like 15 million copies. Their new album, *Tusk*, is two records' worth of prime Mac material; they may even be cueing it up in Dorset right now.

As the music business dropped off earlier this year and economic panic spread, investments of both high hopes and hard cash were being made in *Tusk*. Like the Eagles, Fleetwood Mac was the kind of "monster" group that was expected to pull the business out of the doldrums. Both records, indeed, seem well up to such heavy hauling, especially since the runaway success of *In Through the Out Door*, Led Zeppelin's album of surprisingly graceful power, has cleared the road and got rock fans to reach for their wallets again.

Tusk contains not only some of the most infectious pop music of the year, but

also some of the most adventurous. If there was a model or precedent for *Tusk*, it would seem to be the Beatles' "White Album," an equally ambitious and wide-ranging effort that attempted to bend old forms into new directions. There is much familiar Fleetwood material on *Tusk*, including the gossamer ballads of Stevie Nicks and the afterglow love songs of Keyboard Player Christine McVie, who has one of the easiest and sexiest voices in anyone's neighborhood.

What is startling on *Tusk* is the wild melodic invention of Singer-Guitarist Lindsey Buckingham, who takes the band off into the ozone on tunes like *Not That Funny* and *I Know I'm Not Wrong*. Bass Player John McVie and Drummer Mick Fleetwood provide sonic propulsion as Buckingham's melodies range widely and easily between old English folk and avant-garde pop. The sound sometimes flirts with the sort of revisions of English folk idiom that Fairport Convention used to bring off with such foursquare inspiration, and sometimes, as in the title cut, skirts the sonic experiments conducted by Lennon and McCartney on songs like *Revolution 9*.

Tusk, in fact, seems simultaneously like a lover's catechism and a souped-up Tibetan prayer for the dead. It features some phenomenal drumming by Fleetwood and some tantalizing lyric fragments ("Why don't you tell me what's going on? ... / Why don't you tell me who's on the phone?") set beside 120 members of the University of Southern California's Trojan Marching Band, blasting away to create an unlikely mixture of mystery, humor and the slightest hint of menace. *Tusk* is the penultimate song on side four. The album ends with a lovely Christine McVie tune, *Never Forget*, whose congenial conventionality seems calculated to assure listeners that the band has come back down to earth. After a flight like *Tusk*, however, there's little reason for them to settle; everyone will be waiting for them to soar again.

— Jay Cocks

The Nobel Prizes

That Winning American Style

1979 awards continue U.S. domination of the sciences

They are the most prestigious prizes in the world. Besides a hefty stipend (now \$190,000) and a gold medal, they bring instant fame, flooding winners with speaking invitations, job offers, book contracts and honorary degrees. So heady is the honor that Physicist Tsung Dao Lee, who became a Nobel laureate at the precocious age of 31, wondered what he could do for the rest of his life. Indeed, as the time of the announcements approaches each fall, many contenders are so afflicted with Nobel fever they literally jump whenever their telephones ring.

Last week the phones jangled for nine more winners, who, following the medicine award announced the previous week



—to Allan Cormack, 55 (U.S.), and Godfrey Hounsfield, 60 (British)—completed this year's prize slate of eleven. The 1979 list of winners is notable for several reasons. For once, the often controversial Peace Prize went to an individual beyond criticism or calumny: Mother Teresa, 69, who has spent a selfless lifetime working in the slums of Calcutta. The prize for literature went to the Greek lyric poet Odysseus Elytis. The twin economics prizes went to men whose concern has been the problems of the developing world.

In one vital respect, this year's winning roster was similar to those of previous years: it had, overall, a distinctly American cast. Continuing their domination of the Nobel science prizes, Americans took two out of three of the physics awards, and one each of the twin medicine, chemistry and economics honors. Indeed, at a time when the U.S. is beset with economic woes, an energy crisis, weak leadership and growing self-doubt, Americans can take unalloyed pride in the honors that have been bestowed on its men and women of science. Since 1946, 100 U.S. citizens have won Nobels in the sciences, more than half of the to-

tal number awarded and far more than America's nearest rivals: Britain, with 34; Germany, 13; the Soviet Union, 8; and France, 5. The record is nearly as impressive in what Thomas Carlyle called the "dismal science." Since the establishment of the Nobel Memorial Prize for Economics in 1968, Americans have carried off eight of the 17 medals awarded. In the most impressive U.S. Nobel coup, seven Americans made a clean sweep of the awards in 1976, winning in econom-



Chemistry Laureate Brown in laboratory



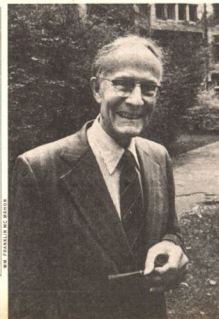
Nobelmen (from left) Glashow, Cormack and Weinberg; (below) Economics Winner Schultz

ics, literature and all of the sciences (no Peace Prize was awarded that year).

This week's winners, in addition to Mother Teresa and Poet Elytis:

PHYSICS: Sheldon Glashow, 46 (U.S.), Steven Weinberg, 46 (U.S.), and Abdus Salam, 53 (Pakistani), for their contributions to a theory that explains the relationship of two of nature's basic forces: 1) electromagnetism, which accounts for such phenomena as sunlight and radio waves, and 2) the weak force that governs the release of a beta particle from the nucleus of an atom in a process called radioactive decay.

ECONOMICS: Sir Arthur Lewis, 64 (British), and Theodore Schultz, 77 (U.S.), for their work on the economic problems of developing nations. Lewis, born on the island of St. Lucia in the British West Indies, is the first black to win a Nobel other than the Peace Prize. He was the first



president of the Caribbean Development Bank, has been an adviser to many developing countries, including Ghana, Nigeria and Jamaica, and wrote the classic *The Theory of Economic Growth*. Schultz did his earliest scholarly work on the problems of U.S. agriculture in the Depression era, and has advised many developing countries, urging them to stress agriculture rather than overly ambitious industrialization.

CHEMISTRY: Herbert C. Brown, 67 (U.S.), and Georg Wittig, 82 (German), for development of organic compounds that have led to the production of hundreds of vital chemical products, from pharmaceuticals to pesticides. Brown developed a new family of compounds called organoboranes, which have become versatile tools in the synthesis of new chemicals. Wittig is best known for his Wittig reaction, which enabled chemists to link carbon and phosphorus to produce new, biologically active substances, including vitamin A.

Why the American pre-eminence in the Nobel science prizes? The answer seems to be money—and freedom, both personal and academic. Impressed by the great success of the partnership between Government and science during World War II, Washington continued an abundant flow of grants during the postwar era. Few questions were asked, few strings attached. Just do your thing, the bounteous Government seemed to say, and it was done, often magnificently.

A certain generosity of spirit accompanied the Government's monetary largesse. There was no presumption that bureaucracy knows best; for the most part, bureaucracy kept hands off. Scientists were driven to probe the secrets of the universe not just by a compelling curiosity but by the heady air of freedom. "There's no magic," says Julius Axelrod, who won the Nobel Prize for Medicine in 1970. "It has something to do with the whole spirit of independence from the beginning of the American idea."

That same freedom boosted American science in another way; it attracted many talented foreigners to the U.S. The role in American science of refugees from Nazi tyranny can scarcely be exaggerated. An example is Arno Penzias, who fled from Germany in 1938 and shared the 1978 Nobel Prize for Physics. Says he: "In the U.S., there's diversity, intellectual freedom and opportunity. It's a place where energy can flourish."

Paradoxically, America's lack of longstanding intellectual traditions—in fact, its strain of anti-intellectualism—may also have helped the cause of science. The best minds have not been overburdened with required studies that are remote from their interests. Sir George Porter, a British chemist who won a Nobel in 1967, recalls that he had to put up a stiff fight to be allowed to study science instead of Latin or Greek at his grammar school in England. "Very few Americans speak ancient

"I Accept in the Name of the Poor"

Until 1946 she was a Roman Catholic teaching nun in India, devout, dynamic, but apparently otherwise unexceptional. Then, on a train ride to Darjeeling, she felt the touch of a divine command. Its message: she must quit her cloistered existence and plunge into Calcutta's clamorous slums to care for "the poorest of the poor."

She did just that, leaving the genteel girls' school where she had been teaching to create a new order among the poor of India's most desolate city. The Missionaries of Charity have since grown into a worldwide order numbering more than 1,800 nuns, 250 brothers and thousands of lay "co-workers" who serve the sick, the lonely, the destitute and the dying in 30 countries. Last week Mother Teresa of Calcutta, 69, was awarded the 1979 Nobel Prize for Peace.

Tiny, gray-eyed, her face deeply seamed with the passing years, Mother Teresa received the news with characteristic lack of fuss in the Missionaries of Charity motherhouse in Calcutta. She has won an array of international honors, and though this one carried the biggest stipend so far—\$190,000—she took it in stride. "Personally, I am unworthy," she said in her first response to the award.

"I accept in the name of the poor, because I believe that by giving me the prize they've recognized the presence of the poor in the world." The new Nobel prizewinner will use the money to build more hospices, "especially for the lepers."

Mother Teresa was born in 1910 to Albanian parents and baptized Agnes Gonxha Bojaxhiu in what is now Skopje, Yugoslavia. Even at the age of twelve she wanted to "go out and give the love of Christ." By the time she was 18, Agnes had joined the Irish branch of Loreto nuns who were working in Calcutta, where she soon began teaching geography at St. Mary's High School. When the church granted her permission to lay aside her Loreto habit and take up the blue-edged, coarse cotton white sari that became the uniform of the Missionaries of Charity, young women from St. Mary's soon joined her.

For every kind of tragedy in the overcrowded city, Mother Teresa and her nuns managed to create a measure of consolation. They collected abandoned babies from gutters and garbage heaps and tried to nurse them back to health. They brought in the dying so they might die under care and among friends. Eventually the order built leprosariums, children's homes, havens for women, the handicapped and the old. The deepest consolation offered, though, was something that went beyond physical care. "For me each one is an individual," Mother Teresa once explained. "I can give my whole heart to that person for that moment in an exchange of love. It is not social work. We must love each other. It involves emotional involvement, making people feel they are wanted."

If the peace she tries to bring passes everyday understanding, the universal and uncontroversial appeal of this year's prizewinner brought almost audible sighs of joy and relief in Oslo, where the Norwegian Nobel Peace Prize Committee sits. Peace prizes all too often go to worldly statesmen who arrange temporary accommodations between bellicose neighbors. When U.S. Secretary of State Henry Kissinger and North Viet Nam Negotiator Le Duc Tho won the Peace Prize in 1973 for their joint work on a Viet Nam peace agreement, the award stirred outrage throughout Norway and beyond. Last year Egyptian President Anwar Sadat and Israeli Premier Menachem Begin won the prize for their Middle East peace efforts, and though Begin went alone to Oslo, security became such a problem that the award ceremonies were moved from their usual site, at Oslo University, to the Akershus, a high-walled medieval fortress. This year, with President Jimmy Carter a candidate because of his Camp David initiatives, Norwegians had visions of bomb searches, hovering helicopters and machine gun-toting guards. Mother Teresa will not need them.



Peace Prize Winner Mother Teresa

The Nobel Prizes

languages," he says. "But for 150 years there has been a tradition in America of appreciation of science." Another factor, says M.I.T. Geophysicist Frank Press, science adviser to President Carter, is that "young scientists are pushed more rapidly here than in any other country in the world."

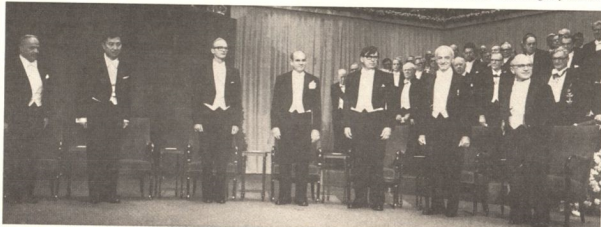
How does all this differ from the nurturing of scientists in other advanced nations? Britain has a long tradition of scientific achievement and freedom—and, on a per capita basis, has scored well in the Nobel competition. But it could probably better its scientific output by making its educational system less rigid. Though the Kremlin proclaims its allegiance to science, Soviet researchers are stifled by ideological tests and Communist doctrines. A prime example: the Stalin-blessed rule of a charlatan, the late Trofim Lysenko, over all biological research in the Soviet Union. Brooking no oppo-

bureaucracy that perpetuates the status quo. Because scientists who belong to the C.N.R.S. have civil service status, they cannot be fired once they have received tenure. Promotions are based on seniority rather than on competition. Says Michel Crozier, a research director at C.N.R.S.: "Once you have a system where procedures as well as promotions come from conforming to the social situation, it means that it is absolutely impossible to get people to cooperate in a bold venture."

But will the halcyon days of U.S. pre-eminence in the sciences continue? Some of the portents are ominous. To begin with, less money is flowing into pure science. While U.S. investment in basic research and development declined from 3% of the gross national product in 1964 to only 2.2% last year, the rate in West Germany, which has averaged 3%, rose last year to 3.2%. Between 1965 and 1977

many students that helping others now was more important than grueling research that might benefit mankind later, a decision no doubt reinforced by the fact that the social sciences are frequently not so intellectually taxing as scientific research. A similar attitude has led to attacks on such training grounds for young scientists as Glashow and Weinberg's alma mater, the Bronx High School of Science, which has been called "elitist" for insisting on tough admissions standards.

Harvard Sociologist David Riesman laments the "brain drain" from science. "The ablest students I see are headed for law or medicine. Recruitment into science is no longer of the ablest but of the upper middle level. It's been going on for five or six years." One important reason, says Riesman, "is egalitarianism. We have a Lysenko lobby in this country—the Clamshell Alliance and others who think science is harmful, who feel guilty about it



After U.S. sweep of 1976 awards, winners in economics, literature and the sciences line up in Stockholm

Beset with economic woes, an energy crisis, weak leadership and self-doubt, Americans view them with pride.

sition to his discredited genetic theories, Lysenko dealt severely with scientific dissidents, putting Soviet biological science years behind that in the West.

In West Germany and France, what is known as the "Herr Professor" syndrome often prevails. Government grants tend to go to the professor who heads the department; he then distributes the money as he sees fit, even though he may not be in the best position to evaluate the work of a promising newcomer. Nor do teachers and students communicate as easily as they do in the U.S., where there is a give and take between the generations. Says Professor Heinz Maier-Leibnitz, president of the West German Research Society: "In America, you have to be different to be accepted. West German scientists are not very original. They don't take risks. They watch what the others are doing, and in the end they all march in the same direction."

In France, almost all scientific research is directed by the *Centre National de la Recherche Scientifique*, an unwieldy

the investment in Japan rose from 1.3% to 1.9%.

Washington has also considerably narrowed the freedom it once allowed in research. Emphasis has shifted from basic to goal-oriented research. Furthermore, to be eligible for federal grants, scientists must increasingly comply with a growing list of rules and regulations, some of them clearly too stringent and cumbersome. M.I.T. President Jerome Wiesner worries about the effects of the extraordinary amount of paper work required to obtain a federal grant. Usually the scientist, or his university, must fill out endless fact sheets crammed with trivial questions. OSHA wants a copy; the Defense Department requires five or six; HEW, DOE, EPA—all of the burgeoning flock of federal alphabet agencies—can and do demand a full response to their questions, or the grant is withheld.

Large segments of the public also seem to be changing their attitude toward science. During the turbulent 1960s, the stress on "relevant" studies convinced

and try to paralyze it. They think it's more important to distribute jobs among the needy than to do exotic research. There's a lack of the sense of glory of science and its wonders, a feeling that it's linear, not humane, not "with it."

To his credit, President Carter, trained as an engineer, now seems to be fighting this trend and pushing for more funding for basic research. But many scientists doubt that this new generosity will be enough. Chemist Philip Abelson, editor of *Science*, notes that Nobel prizes are usually awarded long after the work they honor has been performed. "Don't misunderstand," he says. "The U.S. has hardly fallen out of the tree. But stick around ten years to see the results of our current domestic attitudes." Thus the 1979 Nobels are really the harvest of seeds planted many years earlier. The question is whether the U.S. can repeat those triumphs in the future, when the benefits of science and technology will be even more critical than they are now to the nation's well-being.

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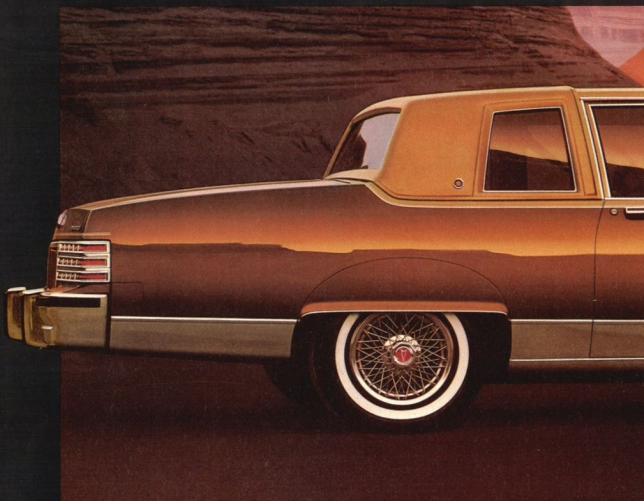
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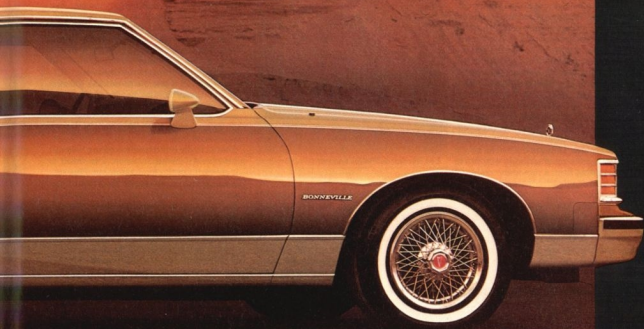


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Cinema

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THE EUROPEANS

Directed by James Ivory

Screenplay by Ruth Prawer Jhabvala

The *Europeans* is one of Henry James' most delightful novels, a small, approachable comedy of manners, widely regarded among Jamesian scholars as the masterpiece of his early years. But the story of Eugenia and Felix, Europeanized sister and brother who return to Massachusetts for some genteel fortune hunting, is, on the face of it, unlikely material for a film in the Age of Travolta.

More power, therefore, to Director Ivory and his collaborator, Jhabvala, for making the effort, and for providing a reasonably faithful and literate screen version of the tale. It is good to hear subtle and intelligent conversation in our native accents issuing from a movie screen—and to see New England caught in its glorious fall foliage.

The piece has a good, basic comic premise in the puzzled response of the black-clad, soberly Unitarian locals to the exotic birds of passage who have come to light among them. This is nicely realized in the film by Felix, an un-



Lee Remick in *The Europeans*

Intelligent talk in native accents.

pretentiously bohemian artist, recognizing in his cousin Gertrude a fellow spirit struggling to burst free. The couple, played with lively grace by Tim Woodward and Lisa Eichhorn, provide the movie with its most beguiling passages, and their story, his winning her away

from the lumpish minister her family intends her to marry, gives it its strongest narrative pulse as well.

About Eugenia's pursuit of the well-to-do Robert Acton—what should be the film's central action—one's feelings are ambiguous. James himself never quite pinned down what instinct preserved Acton and his fortune from her designs. The movie is even less clear on that point, perhaps because Lee Remick, as Eugenia, does not touch on those hints of boldness and desperation that are implicit in the text. Robin Ellis might have brought to Acton more of the shrewdness and tartness of his Poldark. As presented, the pair are so agreeable and handsome that one sees no reason for them not to get together in the end.

Ivory might have been helpful, but he is a careful and slightly anemic director, unable to dig out tensions lurking beneath his correct, bland surfaces. The result is a pleasant, pretty entertainment. One suspects that this film is outside its natural element on a theatrical screen, that its modest virtues would shine to better advantage on PBS. If we had a properly functioning public broadcasting system in the country, American classics like *The Europeans* might be produced with funds and talent in profusion.

—Richard Schickel

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Mild Tale

A MAN, A WOMAN AND A BANK

Directed by Noel Black

Screenplay by Raynold Gideon,

Bruce A. Evans and Stuart Margolin

The movie convention that all intricate schemes to abscond with large sums of cash must be perpetrated by terribly nice and attractive people and against chilly, faceless institutions is an understandable one. After all, if we are to enjoy these tales we must, for the length of the film, set aside conventional morality to root for the criminals and against their victims. But in this film the crooks are so pleasant that they practically recede to ectoplasmic levels before our eyes, while the bank they set out to heist is so anonymous that it does not provide them with a properly menacing nemesis. The result is one of the least offensive but also least memorable crime movies of the year.

This is too bad, because the picture's premise is not a bad one. It has the would-be robbers casing a bank that is still under construction and sneaking in to build right into its sophisticated alarm system the means by which they can disarm it. In due course, that is exactly what they do—and without any mishap to generate much suspense. Oh, there is this photographer (the winsome Brooke Adams) who



Sutherland and Adams in *A Bank*

Crime in a laid-back fashion.

mistakes one of the crooks for a construction worker and snaps his picture when, dressed like a foreman, he is making off with some blueprints he needs. But this character, played in more than usually laid-back style by Donald Sutherland, disarms whatever suspicions she may have

by falling in love with her. Even when one of her pictures appears on a billboard on the bank, it does nothing to set back the robbers.

There is also some potential for suspense in a computer whiz, played by Paul Mazursky, who is better known as a director (*An Unmarried Woman*). The genius' wife is deserting him, he is a hypochondriac and chicken to boot. One imagines he might crack under the added strain of the caper, but he never does, and Mazursky's portrayal of a mild-mannered man is only mildly amusing. Such suspense—and such full-throated comedy—as the picture offers derives mainly from Allan Magicovsky as Adams' wildly jealous lover. He takes to following Sutherland around in a menacing way, and he might, in the process, discover just what game is afoot. But he doesn't, and neither does a cop who stops the escaping Sutherland because the van carrying the swag to the airport has a malfunctioning taillight. Magicovsky was our last hope for some real excitement, but only modest suspense is generated by the encounter. Like everything else in this movie, it is underplayed and underwritten. Noel Black, who once did a curiously perverse little movie called *Pretty Poison*, is capable of stronger work, and so are these performers. Mere agreeability is just not enough to sustain a movie that has crime as well as comedy on its mind.

—R.S.

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Press

Duck Hunting

All that glitters is fair game

When it comes to investigative reporting, most French newspapers and magazines waddle along in step with their favorite political party, or shy away whenever the government frowns. A dazzling and from the government's standpoint most damnable exception is the weekly paper *Le Canard Enchaîné*—literally, The Chained Duck—which pursues scandal with all the gusto of a Gallic gourmet tucking into a *baba au rhum*. These days the Chained Duck is flapping its wings triumphantly, and no wonder: dangling from its bill is the meticulously aloof French President, Valéry Giscard d'Estaing.

In its last two issues, *Le Canard* charged that Giscard, both when he was Finance Minister and after he became President in 1974, had graciously accepted 50 carats in diamonds—the first 30 alone valued at \$240,000—from Jean-Bédél Bokassa, the sadistic former "Emperor" of the Central African Republic. Bokassa reportedly also gave state gifts to Giscard's brother, two of the President's cousins, a top adviser and a pair of Cabinet ministers. Tart and punful as always, the Duck dubbed the affair "Giscarat."

Founded in 1915 "to kill with ridicule those who profess the virtue of war," the left-leaning *Canard* (circ. 550,000) has skewered generations of French leaders with needle wit and wicked cartoons. It was closed down during World War II, but before and after, during the hapless Third and the revolving-door Fourth Republic, stirred its editors to punishing glee. *Le Canard* also thrives on serious controversy. Says Chief Editor Roger Fressoz (pen name: André Ribaud): "We began doing more investigative reporting with the Algerian War, when French citizens began to ask for more information." Its greatest subject was Charles de Gaulle. Along with his saturnine sideman, Georges Pompidou, "le grand Charleatan" provided the Duck with a target as big as the Ritz. He was caricatured endlessly and uproariously as an arrogant, sleepy-eyed, bulbous-nosed autocrat.

This decade *Le Canard* has been more enterprising. It revealed that the Gaullist resistance hero Jacques Chaban-Delmas had used legal loopholes to avoid paying income tax for three years, virtually killing his bid for the presidency in 1974. The Duck also unearthed some questionable financial dealings by the murdered Prince Jean de Broglie, a man with close ties to the Giscard administration, and printed the income tax dossiers of both Giscard and Aviation Tycoon Marcel Dassault. The government paid *Le Canard* a bumbling tribute one

night when its agents were discovered in the paper's offices trying to implant bugging devices. "Watergaffe," quacked the Duck, and proudly proclaimed itself "the most listened-to newspaper in France."

Investigative reporting in France is sharply restricted. Television stations are state-owned, and the national news service, *Agence France Presse*, is headed by a political ally of Giscard. Newspapers are vulnerable too, some because they have received government-guaranteed loans, others because they need the advertising directed their way by the state-controlled publicity conglomerate, *Havas*.



Canard Editor Roger Fressoz in Paris

"Most listened-to newspaper in France."

Le Canard keeps independent by restricting stock ownership to its staff of 35 full-time journalists. They, in turn, elect the chief editor, set salaries, and decide how much needs to be reinvested in their profitable (\$400,000 after taxes in 1978) enterprise. All revenues come from circulation, since the Duck refuses to accept any advertising. Explains a staffer: "This way we can say *merde* to everyone without offending any advertisers." Having Establishment pretensions is virtually a firing offense. Indeed, a *Canard* writer was once dismissed for wearing the Legion of Honor. "But I didn't ask for it," he protested. Replied his editor: "Well, you shouldn't have done anything to deserve it."

Between journalistic coups, *Le Canard* keeps busy (and lively) by rendering public figures, fine and fatuous alike, into duck soup. Good taste is hardly ever an obstacle. Pope John Paul II has been depicted as a nude bather and a disco king, and the Ayatollah Khomeini has

been anointed the "Führer of Islam." Portly Premier Raymond Barre often stumbles into the line of fire, sometimes drawn in the nude or in women's clothing, answering to "Babarre," an elephantine pun, or, more directly, "Raymond l'Ignorant."

Festooning its pages with diamond cartoons, *Le Canard* is now darkly hinting at multifaceted revelations to come. The editors are undeterred, they say, by the arrest of a bureaucrat suspected of being the paper's government informer, and unimpressed by the threat of a lawsuit from Giscard's cousins, or by the President's pledge last week to answer the charges at an appropriate time. Quack. Quack. Or *couin-couin*, as ducks say in France. ■

All for ERA

Women's mags close ranks

The November *Cosmopolitan* brims with the customary hints for foraging single gals ("If you have invited someone to your home for sex... it only takes a few minutes to change the sheets"). But it also carries some closely reasoned political advice: a 3,700-word article by Columbia Law School Professor Ruth Bader Ginsburg urging passage of the Equal Rights Amendment. To give the ERA cause a boost, *Cosmo* and 32 other women's magazines from *Mrs. to Playboy*, from *Vogue* to *House & Garden* agreed to run pieces about the amendment in their next month's issue.

How each magazine handled the story was left to individual editors. Predictably enough, no one comes out against the ERA. Presentations range from perfunctory (*Playgirl* devotes a mere 300 words in its editor's column) to intensely personal (writes *Essence's* editor in chief Marcia Ann Gillespie: "I did not stand up for my rights as a black person in America to be told that I have to sit down because I'm a woman"). *Ladies' Home Journal* has the most glamorous contributor in Senator Edward Kennedy. Also the most platitudeous: "[The ERA] will give meaning and vitality to the principles of social justice, economic rights and political equality."

The group action, organized by *Redbook's* male editor in chief Sey Chassler, is aimed at nudging some states closer to ratification—three more are required. Even though the 33 magazines have a joint circulation of 60 million, one editor at least had few illusions about their collective clout, especially head to head with Opposition Leader Phyllis Schlafly. Says *Cosmo's* Helen Gurley Brown: "All the women's magazines together may not be as effective as Phyllis Schlafly with her rabble-raising TV appearances. But we hope reason will prevail." ■

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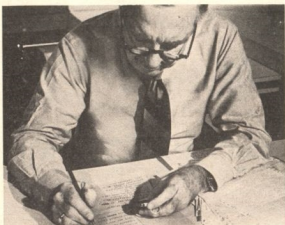
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Theater

Life with Ma

LADYHOUSE BLUES

by Kevin O'Morrison

Family plays rank among the finest and most durable achievements of the U.S. theater. Season after season, *Long Day's Journey into Night*, *Death of a Salesman* and *The Glass Menagerie* are revived all over the globe.

Even a demonstrably lesser drama, such as *Ladyhouse Blues* at Manhattan's Theater of St. Peter's Church, shows the deep affinity linking the family with the emotions and experiences that fire up a stage. Within the family—sometimes at scalding intensity—we get our first inklings of the nature of love, hate, time, memory, remorse and reconciliation.

Kevin O'Morrison displays an intuitive grasp of all this, and his *Ladyhouse Blues* is suffused with a contagious humanity. Mood, rather than action, dominates the evening, and the play is anchored with palpable authority in a St. Louis neighborhood in 1919. An Irish-American mother, on the lower rungs of the middle class, and her four daughters are sweating out an August vigil for the sole son and brother, waiting for him to come back from service in World War I.



Kennedy and Henderson in *Ladyhouse Blues*

Spunk, verve, laughs, tears, death and God.

Only a telegram arrives. It informs the five women that the boy has died of cholera. His body has been cremated.

A sparse plot, downright anemic; yet O'Morrison fleshes it out with the wondrous detail of bygone commonplaces. In this household, light comes from kerosene, refrigeration from an iceman, fruits

and vegetables are preserved and the telephone and vacuum cleaner are wild rumors. It is a simpler world but not a quieter one. The women fuss and explode over trifles, then sing together in tranquilizing harmony.

O'Morrison's limber dialogue reveals character by indirection. One daughter (Laurie Kennedy), ill with tuberculosis, has been barred from seeing her husband and child. Another (Jobeth Williams) is held in waning esteem by her New York socialite husband and is downing one glass too many. The youngest (Christine Estabrook), a girl of vim and verve, has fallen in love with a Greek, a fate the rest of this Irish brood regard as scarcely preferable to acquiring head lice.

The mother, Liz, played by Jo Henderson with skill, zest and daring, is rather like the father in "*Da*," a character who follows you right out of the theater. She is spunky, bluntly xenophobic, untutored in books but knowing in the ways of the world, and possessed of a hot line to God, in whom she puts the unwavering trust of an early Christian.

There are a trifle too many Chekhovian tableaux artily arranged by Director Tony Giordano—these are distinctively not those "sisters"—but *Ladyhouse Blues* is the sort of play Chekhov might have liked.

—T.E. Kalem

Medicine

Dump Slump

It hurts nuclear medicine

What does a hospital have in common with a nuclear power plant? Radioactive waste and the need for a place to dump it. Thus when Washington Governor Dixie Lee Ray early this month shut down her state's Hanford dump, one of the three "such sites available to U.S. producers of low-level radioactive wastes, there was immediate concern in the nuclear medicine departments of hospitals and research centers across the U.S. Some nuclear power plants can use on-site storage areas for radioactive wastes. But hospitals and universities with limited storage capacity rely on regular pickups by private carters. For them, a wide array of vital tests may now be jeopardized.

Radioactive materials are essential tools in modern medicine. A radioactive form, or isotope, of cobalt is used in treatment of cancer. Radioactive isotopes of other elements are employed as tracers

that enable doctors to follow the paths of substances through the body. For example, iodine 131, given orally or intravenously, is accumulated by the thyroid, which uses iodine to produce hormones. An imaging device detects the gamma rays given off by the isotope and translates them into dots that appear on a TV screen. Result: help in diagnosing such disorders as hyperthyroidism and cancer.

Each of these tracers produces only a low level of radiation and has a short "half-life" (the time in which it loses half of its remaining radioactivity). Technetium 99m, a common isotope used especially for detecting brain tumors, has one of only six hours, while fluorine 18, used in bone scans, is half decayed in less than two hours. Of greater concern are the isotopes used in laboratory tests. Among them: carbon 14, with a half-life of 5,730 years. A large hospital may conduct thousands of radioactive tests and procedures daily, including those with carbon 14, and produce enough waste to fill several dozen 30-gal. drums every week. But few hospitals are equipped to store this waste for long.

Massachusetts General Hospital in Boston has warned physicians not to order any radioactive diagnostic tests that

can be delayed. At the Duke University Medical Center, Associate Professor of Radiology William Briner warns, "We are on a three-week countdown on the use of radioactive materials." Harvard University and the University of Washington in Seattle, which use the isotopes for biomedical research, have curtailed some projects. Declares James Summers, a radiation safety officer at Manhattan's Columbia-Presbyterian Medical Center: "If we can't get rid of the stuff, we're going to have to cut back on research and testing; we can't just fill up the basement."

Some relief may come early next month. The Governors of the three states with existing dump sites are scheduled to meet with Nuclear Regulatory Commission officials, and adoption of a stricter dumping code may persuade them to keep their facilities open. But one recently released study projects that by 2000 as much as 7.8 million cubic meters of low-level waste will be stockpiled in the U.S. In time, other states will almost certainly have to share the burden by setting up their own sites or finding alternate methods of disposal. Says one Department of Transportation official: "Hanford may be a blessing in disguise. Maybe we'll all sit down now and find a long-term solution to the problem."

*The Beatty, Nev., dump, which like Hanford was shut down temporarily in July because of unsafe shipping procedures, may be closed permanently next month. The Barnwell, S.C., site has banned all liquid wastes, but still accepts solids.



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Show Business

Andy Hardy Comes Home

Mickey Rooney gets his second chance in Sugar Babies

Forty years ago, when people still cried at tearjerkers, it would have made a great movie. A cheeky kid becomes the country's top box office draw, goes off to war, comes back and discovers that nobody loves a 30-year-old brat. He spends too much, drinks too much and wives too much. At the studios, they don't even know his name, except as a joke. He gets older, paunchier and balding, but though few seem to know it, he is still one of the best actors in the business. Then he finds himself in his first Broadway show. It opens, the critics turn handsprings, and that cheeky kid is once more swaggering down the block—Puck in middle age.

Today such a plot would be laughed out of town, unless, of course, it was called *The Mickey Rooney Story*. That is precisely what it is, and Mickey's success in Broadway's new hit, *Sugar Babies*, that happy send-off to burlesque, may very well boost his career back into orbit. Rarely has so much energy been packed into so small a package. Rooney dances, he sings, he mugs, he dresses in drag. Even when he's offstage, he's on, and his raucous laugh can be heard from the wings. "Seldom does a person get a second chance in life," he says. "Up until *Sugar Babies*, Mickey Rooney was a famous has-been. Today he has an opportunity to become a famous now-person. He's on Broadway!"

Though it is Mickey's first Broadway show, it is not his first time in burlesque. His mother was a showgirl, his father was a vaudeville comic. Mickey, who was born Joe Yule Jr., was telling jokes on-stage almost before he could talk. "The jokes are like old friends," he says. "My father was a burlesque comic, and now I am too. It's a complete circle. I am my father's son. I am my father." Neither mother nor father did very well in burlesque, however, and money problems led to divorce. Mickey's mother took him to California and got him parts in films; his big break came in 1937 when MGM cast him as Andy Hardy, the typ-

ical small town boy, in *A Family Affair*.

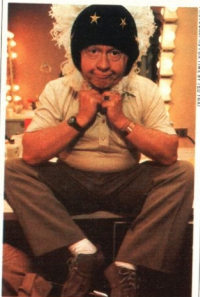
Nobody expected very much from the film, but to an America just emerging from the Depression the story of the Hardy family was a symbol of what was best in the country. MGM quickly scheduled sequels, and in 1939 and 1940 Mickey was the box office king, bigger than Gable or Tracy. He made \$5,000 a week—in real dollars. His teen-age escapades became staples of the gossip columns, and the studio hired a male duenna to keep him in line. That was not easy, and when he was 21, Mickey took his first wife, an unknown actress named Ava Gardner, 19. They were divorced two years later. Following that, Mickey went through wives the way most men go through cars: "I'm the only man who has a marriage license

made out To Whom It May Concern."

After the jokes are over, his multiple marriages are an obvious embarrassment to him. "Nobody's proud about having eight wives," he says. "You're supposed to marry your childhood sweetheart and go off into the sunset with a box of Daz, saying, 'It's forever, darling.' It doesn't work out like that, and every marriage and every divorce are like a five-car crash." Several of those marriages lasted long enough to produce children, however: a total of five boys and five girls.

Even Mickey admits that Mickey can be difficult. His present wife, a country-and-western singer whose performing name is Jan Chamberlin, lived with him several years before she agreed to become the eighth Mrs. Rooney. "Naturally, I was frightened because of his track record," she says. "I still am." Their chief problems center on her singing. Mickey tries to run her career for her. "He wants the complete say-so about everything," she sighs. While he has been touring with *Sugar Babies*, Jan, 40, has stayed at their home, just north of Los Angeles, which they share with her two sons by a former marriage.

Serene and shy, Jan is a calming influence on Mickey's mercurial moods. Occasionally he missed that steady hand when he was on the road with *Sugar Babies*. "Mickey hates to rehearse," says Co-Star Ann Miller. "He learns instantly what's tough for a lot of other people, and he'd come in like a little bull, snorting, stomping and yelling, 'I'm not going to rehearse it.' He usually would when someone would sit down with him and explain why it was necessary. When he's in a good mood, it's like the sun coming out."



Mickey Rooney warms up in his dressing room
Even when he's offstage, he's on.

These days the sun is shining almost constantly at the Mark Hellinger Theater. At 59, Mickey once again has the approval he needs and demands. "The audience and I are friends," he says. "We're family. They grew up with me. They allowed me to grow up with them. I've let them down several times. They've let me down several times. But we're all family, and it's a time for reunion. What warmth comes over you when they laugh! It's as if they're saying, 'It's all been worth it. Thank you!'"

People

It's the sort of thing you expect by now in a **Woody Allen** flick. Allen is sitting in this restaurant in Manhattan, see, when up walks a kid with big eyes and braces who looks just like Allen might have at 13. "Hello," says the kid. "Can I have your autograph?" Allen writes, not his name, but a note: "Hi. I'm casting for my new major motion picture. Would you like to come for a screen test?" Naturally the kid passes the test, gets a part and grows up to become a big movie star. Except that **Anthony DePaola**, of Old Bridge, N.J., who met Woody just that way, was screen-tested and given a walk-on part in Allen's latest film, still wants to be a doctor.



Cinema Star DePaola surrounded by admiring freshman classmates

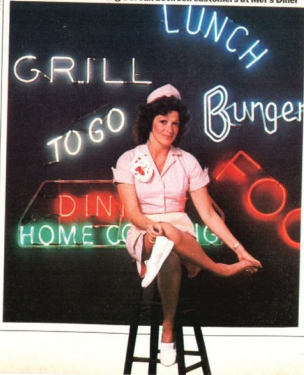
That sounded like *Rude Britannia* they were humming in Chicago last week. **Princess Margaret**, visiting the city, paused at a Gold Coast penthouse party to chitchat with Mayor **Jane Byrne**. Byrne noted that she had recently been in England for the funeral of Margaret's cousin **Lord Mountbatten**, who had been killed by

What makes a man g.i.b.? Kindness, according to Model **Cheryl Tiegs**. Actress **Monique Van Vooren** insists that it involves subtlety. Comedienne **Phyllis Diller** says it happens when a man listens and learns. What is g.i.b.? It stands for "good in bed," and *What Makes a Man G.I.B.?* by British Writer **Wendy Leigh** hits U.S. bookstands next week. Leigh put the question to 49 well-known men and women. She got some startlingly explicit answers. There were only

two no-comments, from Television Personality **David Frost** and Film Director **Roman Polanski**, who either didn't know or wouldn't say.

How much do you tip a waitress who already makes six figures? That was the question for customers at Washington's Capital Hilton Hotel coffee shop last week as **Linda Lavin** served up hamburgers and cleared away dirty dishes. Lavin, better known as Alice

Linda Lavin as Alice taking a break between customers at Mel's Diner



Menuhin aboard battery bike

when she waits on prime-time television tables at Mel's Diner, was in town to accept an award: the National Commission on Working Women found her the TV character to whom real-life blue- and pink-collar working women most relate. Does Lavin relate back? "I'm on my feet too all day, every day," she says of her shooting schedule. "We're really into Supp-hose."

The violin is **Yehudi Menuhin's** first concern, but not his only one. The 63-year-old virtuoso is an outspoken opponent of energy waste and pollution: to help eliminate both, he is currently test-riding a battery-powered bicycle. Meanwhile at the 31st Frankfurt Book Fair last week, Menuhin received the booksellers' peace prize of \$14,000 as "a man who understands music as a medium for peace." Using the medium as a measure of his appreciation, Menuhin rewarded his audience with the *chaconne* from Bach's *Partita in D Minor*.



Princess Margaret in Chicago

Irish terrorists. "The Irish, they're pigs," snapped Margaret, and then blurted, "Oh, you're Irish." That version of their talk, reported by Chicago *Sun-Times* Columnist **Irv Kupcinet**, created an international furor. Byrne diplomatically recalled the conversation as having had something to do with Irish jigs. London sources insisted that Margaret, if she used pigs at all, was referring only to terrorists.

Sport

"Pops" Go the Pirates

Captain Stargell leads his family to a World Series comeback



Stargell clouting title-clinching homer

Dave Parker, the Pittsburgh Pirates' All Star rightfielder, gave Willie Stargell his nickname, and the title was a matter of some consideration. "I called him Pops because, like a father, he taught us how to take what comes and then come back," Parker explained after Stargell had won the Most Valuable Player award in the National League playoffs. "He showed us how to strike out and walk away calmly, lay the bat down gently, then get up the next time and get a home run. From him we learned not to get too high on the good days or too low on the bad days, because there's plenty of both in this game."

The 1979 World Series against the American League Champion Baltimore Orioles brought the Pirates a full measure of good days and bad days, but the last and best day belonged to Willie Stargell. In a dramatic seventh game, Stargell hit the home run that won the world championship for Pittsburgh and with it MVP honors for himself for the second time in as many weeks. At 38, the Pirates' captain batted .400, drove in seven runs and pounded three home runs, adding four doubles to set a World Series record for extra-base hits. Perhaps more crucial, the imposing but soft-spoken first baseman helped to shore up his teammates' morale when, after slogging

through some of the most miserable World Series weather in history, they fell behind Manager Earl Weaver's efficient Oriole machine, three games to one. "All we need is three one-day winning streaks," Stargell calmly pronounced. Just as calmly, the Pirates reeled off three straight victories and became only the fourth team in the Series' 76-year history to surmount such a daunting deficit.

That anyone survived the first three games of this mostly cold and rainy Series was mildly remarkable. Baseball Commissioner Bowie Kuhn, long famous for sitting coatless through a heavy frost when prime-time television commitments are at stake, proved that he was equally up to the challenge in a mid-autumn monsoon. Rain fell before or during each of the first three games, and temperatures were in the numbing 30s and low 40s, but Kuhn came sans coat and umbrella one night. He saw to it that players kept up appearances as well, forbidding the wearing of woolen ski caps during batting practice and on the bench. "I don't know about him," one Pirate grumbled, "but my ears are cold."

It was a bit more difficult, however, to pretend it was baseball season on the field. Players slipped and fell in the slop; frozen fingers committed eleven errors in

the first three games. The vagaries of nature were compounded by the fact that for television reasons, five of the Series' seven games did not begin until 8:30 p.m., and a sixth was scheduled for late Sunday afternoon to avoid a ratings clash with pro football.

The consequences of such fealty to commerce were apparent from the first game. It was postponed by chilly rain, and a crew of teen-agers was pressed into mopping up Baltimore's Memorial Stadium with towels. Despite that effort, the Orioles and the Pirates committed three



Manager Tanner

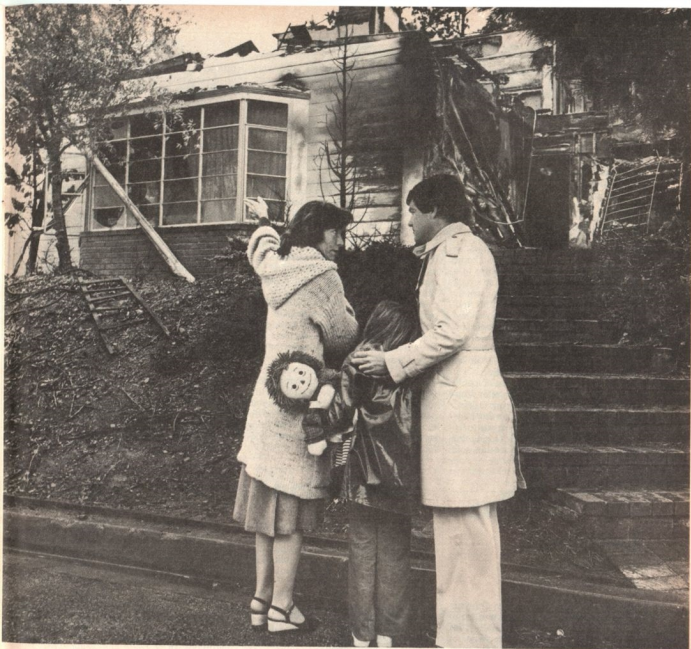
errors each. Pirate Second Baseman Phil Garner let in the winning runs in the first inning when he tossed a simple double-play throw clear into left field. "My hands were numb, the ball was soaking, and I never really felt the ball," Garner explained. "I threw it the way you'd throw a bar of soap in the shower, and with just about as much success." Stargell's first home run helped narrow the gap, but the Pirates never recovered from the two-error, five-run first inning. Orioles 5, Pirates 4.

Nearly half of the second game was played in a steady drizzle and, as the night wore on, as much time was spent scraping mud out of spikes as playing baseball. Pirate Reliever Kent Tekulve summed up: "It was like being on skis out there." Not that anyone could tell Tekulve's legs from his skis: at 6 ft. 4 in. and 160 lbs., he looks like a giant spider on the mound as he sweeps sidearm sinkerballs toward the plate. After warming himself by a bonfire his teammates



Reliever Kent Tekulve saving seventh game with his distinctive sidearm sinkerballs

"We don't live in the past and we don't let one ball game ruin our future either."



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Sport

had built in the bullpen. Tekulve retired three straight batters in the ninth inning to earn the first of his three World Series saves as the Pirates won, 3-2.

The Series then moved to Pittsburgh, and the weather came with it. A third-inning deluge forced more than an hour's delay, and when the Series resumed the Orioles pounded out five quick runs to put the game out of reach. The O's Weaver had created one of his patented shishkebab lineups, plucking righthanded hitters from the bench to start nine of them against the Pirates' top lefthander, John Candelaria. Orioles 8, Pirates 4.

Stargell led off Pittsburgh's attack in the fourth game with his second home run, and the Pirates were coasting to a 6-3 win when the Orioles bench struck back. In the eighth inning Weaver sent up three pinchhitters, reaped four RBIs and, when the dust settled, the Orioles had scored a total of six runs. Pittsburgh fans were stunned into silence, then desertion by Weaver's musical lineup. "Too much strategy for me," mumbled one fan on his way out. Baltimore 9, Pittsburgh 6.

For all their protestations of confidence, the Pirates were shaken after dropping behind in such a shattering fashion. In the locker room, more than a few players paused in their postgame rituals to listen to Stargell's comments. During the season, the captain had passed out gold

stars to adorn his teammates' caps when their achievements warranted reward. Now, sipping from his bottle of vintage wine and nibbling at barbecued ribs, he dispensed something more important:

"Me, disappointed? I'm playing in the World Series and I'm having fun. Losing one ball game doesn't change that. We'll deal with it the best we can, because we're the proud Pittsburgh Pirates. We're professionals. We don't live in the past and we don't let one ball game ruin our future, either. Tomorrow we'll go out and have fun again, win or lose. The man doesn't say 'Work ball!' you know. It's 'Play ball!' Tomorrow, we'll go out and play."

How they played! Stargell's sacrifice fly scored the tying run and with his teammates on a tear (Garner, two for four and headed for a .500 Series, Third Baseman Bill Madlock, four for four that day, .375 overall), the Pirates methodically ground out seven runs. Starter Jim Rooker gave up just one run on three hits during the first five innings, then Starter Bert Blyleven masqueraded as a reliever for four expert innings. Pirates 7, Orioles 1.

That launched the shutdown of Oriole hitters by Pittsburgh pitchers. Proud possessors of the most successful starting rotation in all of baseball, the Orioles suddenly found themselves outmanned on the mound by a ragtag collection of starting relievers, relieving starters and the ubiquitous Tekulve, who iced the last two Pi-

rate wins by facing 15 batters and giving up just one single. In the final three games, Baltimore scored only two runs, while Pittsburgh mowed down Baltimore's best: Mike Flanagan (23-9) was beaten 7-1 in the fifth game, three-time Cy Young Winner Jim Palmer lost 4-0 in the sixth, and Scott McGregor (13-6) was beaten in the final game 4-1. Over that span, Baltimore managed 17 hits, but seldom at the right time. The Orioles had a chance to salvage the Series in the last game when they loaded the bases in the eighth inning; not a run scored.

Through it all, there was Stargell. He knocked home four runs in the Pirates' decisive three-game streak, and in the final contest hit a single, two doubles and the towering two-run homer that guaranteed the champagne. When it was over, the slugger who has hit 464 home runs in his 18-year major league career considered his moment and deemed another day happier still. "When I signed with the Pirates in 1959," said Pops, the man who still plays ball for fun two decades later, "they gave me a \$1,500 bonus and \$175 a month. I was elated then." Now Stargell earns some \$250,000 a year for his big bat and even bigger influence. But Pirates Manager Chuck Tanner puts his value another way: "Having Willie Stargell on your ball club is like having a diamond ring on your finger." ■

Television

Lost Souls

3 Cheever Stories,
PBS, starting Oct. 24

Some day PBS's home-grown dramatic programs are going to be the equal of its British imports—but when? After watching public television's adaptation of three John Cheever stories, one is tempted to despair. Here, it seems, PBS had a sure shot. The scripts are by outstanding playwrights: Wendy Wasserstein (*Uncommon Women and Others*), A.R. Gurney Jr. (*Children*) and Terrence McNally (*Bad Habits*). The directors are Jack Hofsis (*The Elephant Man*), Jeff Bleckner (*Sticks and Bones*), and Film Maker James Ivory (*The Europeans*). The cast features several of America's strong actors. No matter.

The problems begin with the choice of material. Cheever's best stories are not merely chronicles of upper-middle-class life, but Kafkaesque tragedies about what happens when a rigorously ordered world starts to go mad. Instead of dramatizing tales from the two major Cheever story collections, *The Enormous Radio* and *The Brigadier and the Golf Widow*, PBS has selected trifles from *The Housebreaker* of

Shady Hill. These are then stretched out to fill an hour each.

The consequence of the padding is the kind of literal dramaturgy that obliterated *The Scarlet Letter* last season. Unlike the British creators of *The Glittering Prizes* or *I, Claudius*, PBS gives its audience little



Murphy and Walker in *O Youth and Beauty!*
Flattening Cheever's subtleties.

credit for sophistication. In *The Sorrows of Gin*, the first and worst of the Cheevers, the warring suburban couple (Edward Herrmann and Sigourney Weaver) can hardly be seen for all the shots of gin bottles. Yet *Gin* is not about alcoholism; like Henry James' *What Maisie Knew*, it is about a child who unwittingly discovers the self-deceptions of the adults.

The other two shows also flatten Cheever's subtleties into middle-brow platitudes. In *O Youth and Beauty!*, Michael Murphy plays a onetime Princeton track star, now a bank executive, who vexes his wife (Kathryn Walker) by jumping over furniture at cocktail parties. Not content to let this conceit speak for itself, playwright Gurney supplies dialogue to explain that the hero is "surmounting the obstacles of middle age... [by] leaping above the paraphernalia of middle-class life." In *The Five-Forty-Eight*, a dance of death between a married man (Laurence Luckinbill) and his jilted lover (Mary Beth Hurt), the story's psychological suspense is gutted by a string of clumsy nightmare and flashback sequences. Were it not for the fine, anguished performances of Murphy and Hurt, the final two shows would have no more meaning or passion than the first. Even so, they are not powerful enough. —Frank Rich

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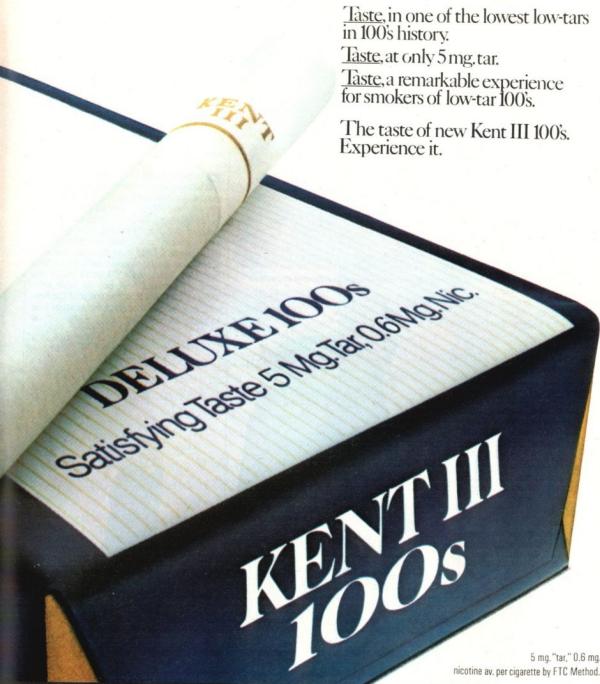
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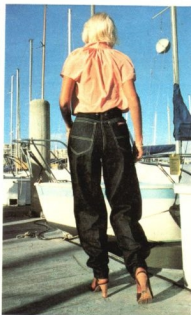
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Saggy Slacks Make a Debut

Baggy jeans are winning converts—but not everywhere

First it was *la cigarette*: women virtually had to lie down so that they could pull the stiletto-slim jeans over their hips. A few deep inhalations to close the zipper and, *voilà*, skintight denim pants. Now the French are going in the opposite direction, and their latest innovation may undo some of the psychic damage that *la cigarette* inflicted on Weight Watchers dropouts. Baggy jeans have arrived.

The fit is tight at the waist and in the back, loose at the hips and thighs, tapered at the ankle. Since summer the new silhouette, mostly in denim and corduroy, has been cropping up increasingly, combined with close-fitting T shirts, dressy silk blouses, and short boots. Response to the new look so far has been liveliest in New York City and Miami, where buyers for department stores are having trouble keeping up with demand. French versions of the baggy jeans, dubbed "Texas," sell for more than \$75 at such trendy New York stores and boutiques as Bendel and Henry Lehr; U.S.-made baggies are cheaper. Bloomingdale's reports that it has sold almost 5,000 of the new jeans at \$38 to \$58 a pair since August. Says Buyer Susan Volk: "We haven't had something that exploded like this since I have been with the store." In Miami, a buyer for Burdines who caught the fever while



The new loose look, in different exposures



visiting New York has been scurrying to reorder the saggy slacks for several weeks. Customers snapped up the entire stock of baggies at a string of exclusive boutiques in one week. Says Cuqui Carrillo of the Twenty-Four Collection: "Everyone is dying to get them."

The phenomenon is still a fledgling fad elsewhere. In Boston and Atlanta, many department store buyers have adopted a wait-and-see attitude and are limiting supply. "They're really horrible," says one Boston department store manager, "and normally things that don't look good don't last." Body-conscious Californians have yet to be seduced by the latest fashion invasion. Explains one 40-year-old sylph: "I worked really hard to stay looking good, and I'm not going to cover it up with baggies." The jeans have been well received among Chicago high schoolers, but older customers still seem to be too timid to go public with the new look.

Roomier pants may catch on as more women opt for comfort over the tight, almost girdled feeling. Says Lorelei Davis, whose Fiorucci store in Chicago sells baggy pants in Day-Glo colors and a variety of fabrics: "Fashion is a reaction, and women aren't that comfortable in tight pants." That may be true, but it is scant consolation to many men. Grumbles one New York male: "I don't think the men of America will put up with this. They no longer know the truth of the bottom line, because there is no bottom line to baggy jeans."

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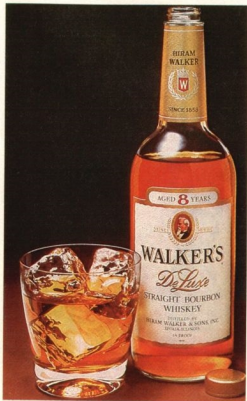
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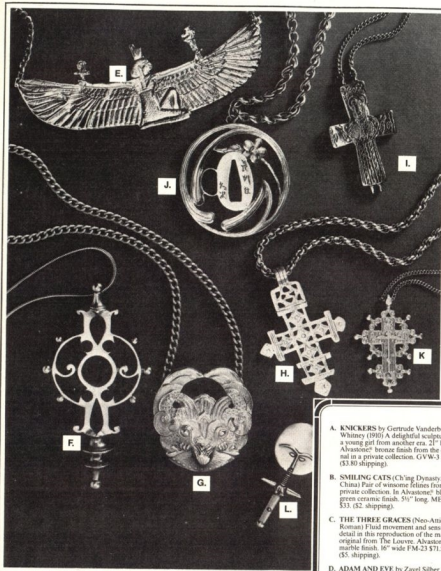
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Books

Music Was His Final Refuge

TESTIMONY: THE MEMOIRS OF DMITRI SHOSTAKOVICH

As related to and edited by Solomon Volkov

Translated by Antonina W. Bouis; Harper & Row; 289 pages; \$15

For both Russians and Americans, the supreme symbol of the Soviet Union at war was the "Leningrad" Symphony, Dmitri Shostakovich's *Seventh*. In 1942, when Arturo Toscanini and the NBC orchestra performed it on radio for the first time in America, the *New York Times* music critic remarked that "the ballyhoo has never been surpassed in history for the scope of the publicity and the distribution of the music." In the U.S.S.R., performances of the symphony were said to have exerted "a profound influence on the psyche of the Soviet people in the struggle against the Nazi invader."

By the late '40s Shostakovich's symbolic value had accrued so dramatically that he was used to add luster to Generalissimo Joseph Stalin's postwar policies. In 1949 Shostakovich was dispatched to New York City as the star Soviet delegate to a Cultural and Scientific Conference for World Peace at the Waldorf-Astoria Hotel, an event sponsored by such luminaries as Leonard Bernstein, Lillian Hellman and Charlie Chaplin. The conference was part of a vast Soviet-sponsored peace campaign that was conveniently distracting attention from Stalin's resumption of hostilities against his own people.

This was the time of the destruction of Jewish cultural life in the Soviet Union and the arrest of leading Jewish intellectuals. A purge of the arts was under way that mortally threatened those writers and composers who had survived the Great Terror of the mid-'30s. In music the principal target was Shostakovich. Though laden with Stalin Prizes, he was now being termed the author of "un-Soviet, unwholesome, eccentric, tuneless" works. He knew what to do. In 1936 he had nearly lost his life after receiving a public "whipping" for an opera that had displeased Stalin. Following a Central Committee resolution condemning him in 1948, he publicly expressed "deep gratitude" to the Communist Party for pointing out his shortcomings.

Seen close up at the Waldorf in the wake of these events, Shostakovich scarcely looked fit for his assigned role as Stalin's propagandist.

He cut a surprisingly frail figure on the dais at the Starlight Roof, where he was seen to light cigarette after cigarette with trembling hands. His face was at the mercy of twitches and tics, his lips were drawn in an unconvincing smile. A trans-



Dmitri Shostakovich at the Waldorf peace conference in 1949

Excerpt

"I had to go to the Cultural and Scientific Conference for World Peace in New York. But I refused, it was humiliating for me to take part in a spectacle like that. I was a formalist, a representative of an antinational direction in music. My music was banned, and now I was supposed to go and say that everything was fine. Finally I agreed. People sometimes say that it must have been an interesting trip, look at the way I'm smiling in the photographs. That was the smile of a condemned man. I felt like a dead man. I answered all the idiotic questions in a daze, and thought, When I get back it's over for me.

Stalin liked leading Americans by the nose that way. Well, why say lead by the nose? That's too strongly put. He only fooled those who wanted to be fooled. The Americans don't give a damn about us, and in order to live and sleep soundly, they'll believe anything."

lator read his speech for him; it attacked both U.S. warmongers and Igor Stravinsky, and praised the "unheard-of scope and level of development reached by musical culture in the U.S.S.R." Throughout the reading, the convulsive working of the composer's mouth and cheek betrayed an almost uncontrollable agitation.

Still, for most people Shostakovich was exactly who he said he was: a loyal son of the Soviet state and the Communist Party. For others, he presented a poignant spectacle of servility that his utterances in the years to come did little to dispel. With the appearance of this book, these two images that constituted his persona have been irredeemably shattered. Shostakovich's memoirs were dictated to the musicologist Solomon Volkov during the four years that preceded the composer's death in 1975, at the age of 68. The manuscript was smuggled abroad with each chapter signed by Shostakovich. Volkov then immigrated to the U.S., where he edited and annotated it. Now that the memoirs have been published, not one episode of the composer's career can be viewed in the same light as before, not one work of music heard in the same way.

Take the Waldorf conference. As Shostakovich describes it, it was a grisly charade in which the chief performer's face was actually a mask of rage, his smile a rictus of fear. Stalin had been disappointed that his campaign against "putrid formalist perversions" (i.e., experimentalism) in the arts had not been received enthusiastically enough by Westerners. "Don't worry, they'll swallow it," said the dictator. Sending Shostakovich to New York was his way of ramming it down their throats. "Stalin liked to put a man face to face with death and then make him dance to his own tune," Shostakovich says. "That was his style completely." The composer has nothing but scorn for the Americans' willingness to be deceived.

The new image of Shostakovich that emerges from his memoirs is that of a proud, exceptionally intelligent and cultivated man whom fear rendered foolish. "You feel like screaming, but you control yourself and just babble some nonsense" became a way of life. He signed any statement and made any speech that was put before him. But behind the babble was another Shostakovich, whose governing passion was anger. He seethed at the mindlessness and the menace behind the Soviet re-

gime's response to his music. His greatest fury was reserved for Stalin, his greatest grief for the dictator's victims.

These attitudes stunningly reverse the view that is almost universally held of Shostakovich, so much so that there will be some people who will wonder if he did not undergo a conversion late in life and revise his recollections with an eye to posterity. There is no certain answer to that question, but the book's sincerity is so apparent that it can scarcely fail to persuade most readers.

Unable to vent his anger in words, the composer expended it in his music. "The majority of my symphonies are tombstones," he says. "Too many of our people died and were buried in places unknown to anyone . . . I'm willing to write a composition for each of the victims, but that's impossible, and that's why I dedicate my music to them all." The *Seventh Symphony*, he says, was planned in his head before the war; the so-called invasion theme, with its fearsomely swelling fortissimo, has nothing to do with the Nazi attack. "I was thinking of other enemies of humanity [namely Stalin and his killers] when I composed the theme." His *Fifth Symphony*, which established Shostakovich's reputation in the Soviet Union, was meant to describe Stalin's Great Terror of 1936-37. In the post-Stalin era, his *Thirteenth Symphony* was intended as a protest against anti-Semitism, and his *Fourteenth* was an evocation of the horrors of the Gulag.

Even his powerful reorchestration of Mussorgsky's *Boris Godunov* was meant to dramatize the opera's message that an "antipeople government" is "inevitably" a criminal government. The composer believes that the score makes the point even more clearly than the Alexander Pushkin play on which the libretto is based. "For me, the abstract art—music—is more effective," he says. "Music illuminates a person through and through, and it is also his last hope and final refuge. And even half-mad Stalin, a beast and a butcher, instinctively sensed that about music. That's why he feared and hated it."

For Shostakovich, music was indeed the last hope and final refuge of a man perpetually thwarted in the expression of his moral outrage. But the notion that his music's meaning could be made intelligible to Stalin, or to anyone else, was only a comforting illusion. Stalin, like all Russia's other tyrants, held an attitude toward the arts that was best summed up by a bureaucrat in a story by the 19th century satirist Mikhail Saltykov-Shchedrin: "What I do not understand is dangerous for the state."

The composer-historian offers an unexampled picture of some 55 years of Soviet musical life. His tender and witty evocation of his teacher Alexander Glazunov constitutes one of the most affecting portraits of a composer in the literature of music. Shostakovich muses over the fates of his close friends, the director

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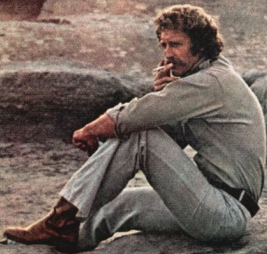


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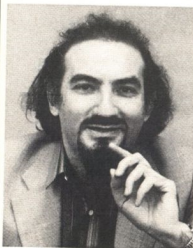
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Books

Vsevolod Meyerhold, the Red Army Marshal Mikhail Tukhachevsky and others more obscure: composers, an organist, a musicologist. All died in the Gulag. "When I started going over the life stories of my friends and acquaintances," he told Volkov, "all I saw was corpses, mountains of corpses."

Perhaps the most moving passage mourns the extinction of folk music in the Soviet Union. Shostakovich tells a story about the blind folk singers, called *lirniki* and *banduristy*, who from time immemorial had wandered along the roads of the Ukraine. In the mid-'30s, the singers were summoned to an official congress of folk music in the Ukraine. Several hundred in all assembled from all over the Ukraine, from tiny forgotten villages. Says Shostakovich: "It was a living museum, the country's living history. All its songs,



Musicologist Solomon Volkov

The manuscript was smuggled abroad.

all its music and poetry. And they were almost all shot, almost all those pathetic blind men killed."

Why? Shostakovich answers: "Just like that, so that they wouldn't get underfoot." The blind men's songs had not been passed by the censor. "Mighty deeds were being done there," he adds with furious sarcasm. "Complete collectivization was under way, they had destroyed kulaks as a class, and here were these blind men, walking around singing songs of dubious content." Shostakovich says that some day, the people who were responsible for this and similar "evil deeds" will be brought to account, if only before their descendants. "If I didn't believe in that completely, life wouldn't be worth living."

Shostakovich wrote the score for the superb Soviet film of *Hamlet*. It was one of his favorite plays, and there was a line of *Hamlet*'s he particularly liked: "Call me what instrument you will, though you can fret me, you cannot play upon me." Now we know that that could have been Shostakovich's epitaph. — **Patricia Blake**

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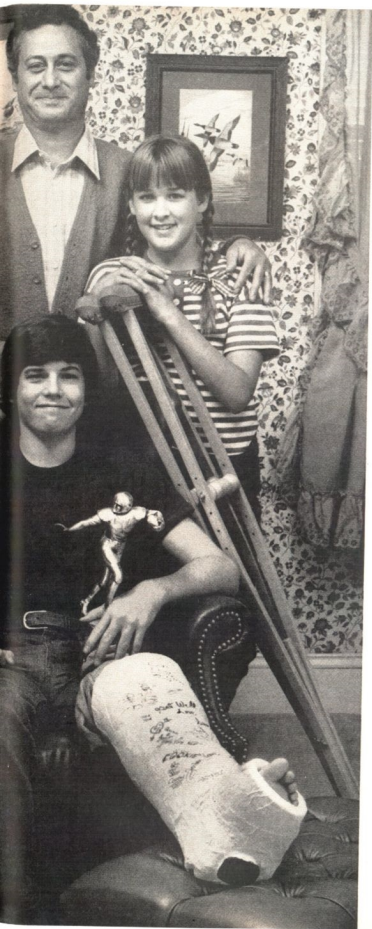
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Books

Radical Retreat

BREAKING RANKS

by Norman Podhoretz

Harper & Row; 375 pages; \$15

Norman Podhoretz calls it, with pardonable license, the "terror." No guillotine was set up in Greenwich Village, literary heads did not roll, but there were plenty of verbal executions in the late 1960s and early 70s when radical thought held sway in New York City and many other parts of the country as well. As the editor of *Commentary* and a leader of centrist opinion, Podhoretz was a prime target of the Manhattan Jacobins. In a book recapturing the impassioned polemics of the era in sometimes powerful and sometimes sluggish prose, he tells how he survived the literary pummeling and went on to organize the counterrevolution.

Podhoretz's retreat from radicalism takes the form of a letter to his son John. The father was born to a radical heritage and not expected to stray. After writing several appreciative pieces about avant-garde writers, he took command of *Commentary* in 1960 and steered it leftward. But as radicalism advanced in the decade, he began to have his doubts. He was an early opponent of the Viet Nam War, but he did not agree with his fellow intellectuals that the conflict was an indictment of the American political system. With growing apprehension, he read the outpourings of the New Left as they castigated U.S. democracy as a sham, belittled middle-class values and began to compare "Amerika" to Nazi Germany. Increasingly arrogant and authoritarian, they wanted to make over America in their image—or else. "I simply could not recognize the country I lived in," writes Podhoretz. "At their worst, they sounded like people writing about a place they themselves had never actually seen or at least hardly knew." Beneath the surface of these fulminations, he adds, "there flowed a steady current of moral smugness and self-satisfaction... Everything was simplified into slogans for shouting and chanting." At the height of the demonstrations at Berkeley in 1964, Podhoretz realized he must make a choice between "loyalty to radicalism as against loyalty to intellectual standards."

He paid a partial price for his apostasy: sneers, vilification, few invitations to literary parties. Those who attacked him assumed an attitude of moral superiority. In an atmosphere of growing intellectual conformity, rational debate became irrelevant. During a discussion among antiwar protesters, for example, one participant expressed fear that the Communists might take over Viet Nam if the U.S. withdrew. Jason Epstein, who helped launch the *New York Review of Books*, scornfully responded: "So you like to see little babies napalmed." End of discussion.

Still, fielding darts from captious intellectuals was not quite the equivalent of facing bullets or a mugger's knife. Why then, ponders Podhoretz, did so many liberals let themselves be intimidated? He devotes much of his book to searching for an explanation and concludes that intellectuals suffered a failure of nerve. When confronted, they would not fight for their beliefs, especially if the opposition came from the left, which was supposed to be on the side of justice and humanity. They would not defend the integrity of thought against crude up-against-the-wall sloganeering.

Podhoretz refused to yield. He enlisted his *Commentary* contributors for an all-out crusade: among them, Na-



Norman Podhoretz

"I could not recognize the country."

than Glazer, Pat Moynihan, Michael Novak, Dorothy Rabinowitz, Samuel McCracken, James Q. Wilson, Bayard Rustin, Joseph W. Bishop and Podhoretz's wife Midge Decter. With sharp logic and biting wit, they drew considerable blood as they assailed radicalism on all fronts: its elitism, coercive utopianism, contempt for the common American, penchant for Government intervention, tolerance of Communist totalitarianism and its fatuous call for revolution. Intellectually at any rate, they soon had their adversaries on the run; many of the most voluble leftists of the period have faded from the polemical scene: Noam Chomsky, Daniel and Philip Berrigan, Staughton Lynd, Jerry Rubin, Andrew Kopkind ("Morality, like politics, starts at the barrel of a gun"). The *Commentary* crowd, meanwhile, carries on the battle with undiminished gusto.

In seeming to uphold American political traditions, Podhoretz and his allies have been dubbed "neo-conservatives," a label that causes them some discomfort. Podhoretz continues to claim to be a liberal; it is the radicals, he insists, who became illiberal. Such quibbling may be of greater interest to the author than to his readers. But if his book is often tedious in detail, it has a sweeping theme. At a time of testing, the *Commentary* group upheld standards of civilized discourse and thereby earned an honorable place in the history of American letters. They behaved as intellectuals are supposed to.

—Edwin Warner

Editors' Choice

FICTION: Cannibals and Missionaries,

Mary McCarthy • Endless Love,

Scott Spencer • Letters, John Barth

Shikasta, Doris Lessing • The

Executioner's Song, Norman Mailer

The Ghost Writer, Philip Roth

The Green Ripper, John D.

MacDonald

NONFICTION: African Calliope,

Edward Hoagland • The Duke of

Deception, Geoffrey Wolff • The

Intricate Music, Thomas Kiernan

The Medusa and the Snail, Lewis

Thomas • The Right Stuff, Tom

Wolfe • The White Album, Joan

Didion • Zebra, Clark Howard

Best Sellers

FICTION

1. Jailbird, Vonnegut (2 last week)
2. Triple, Follett (4)
3. Sophie's Choice, Styron (3)
4. The Dead Zone, King (5)
5. The Last Enchantment, Stewart (1)
6. The Establishment, East (10)
7. The Third World War, Hackett, et al. (9)
8. The Green Ripper, MacDonald
9. Shadow of the Moon, Kaye
10. The Matarese Circle, Ludlum (6)

NONFICTION

1. The Complete Scarsdale Medical Diet, Turnover & Baker (1)
2. Restoring the American Dream, Ringer (2)
3. The Pritikin Program for Diet and Exercise, Pritikin with McGrady (3)
4. How to Prosper During the Coming Bad Years, Ruff (4)
5. The Right Stuff, Wolfe (8)
6. Cruel Shoes, Martin (5)
7. The Old Patagonian Express, Theroux (9)
8. How to Become Financially Independent by Investing in Real Estate, Lowry (6)
9. The Great Shark Hunt, Thompson (10)
10. Broca's Brain, Sagan

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S.J. Perelman

1904-1979

He resembled a dapper cross between Groucho Marx and Rudyard Kipling; the same dark, emphatic brows, bristle-broom mustache, prognathic jaw and mordant cast of eye behind steel-rimmed glasses. But when he described himself, there was no mistaking the original style of the most literate, widely traveled humorist of his time: "Button-cute, rapier-keen, wafer-thin and pauper-poor is S.J. Perelman, whose tall, stooping figure is better known to the twilight half-world of five continents than to Publishers' Row. That he possesses the power to become invisible to finance companies; that his laboratory is tooled up to manufacture Frankenstein-type monsters on an incredible scale; and that he owns one of the rare mouths in which butter has never melted are legends treasured by every schoolboy."

The schoolboys in question have been around since the early '30s, when Sidney Joseph Perelman first began publishing his superbly crafted hilarity in the pages of *The New Yorker*. The magazine's readers soon developed a tart tooth for Perelman's brand of satire, a mix of burlesque and Joycean wordplay boldly colored by a fastidious disdain for the fake, the tawdry and the pompous. Even the titles of Perelman's "bits of embroidery," as he called his pieces, set new boundaries for comic absurdity: *Somewhere a Roscoe*; *Beat Me, Post-Impressionist Daddy*; *Amo, Amas, Amat, Amamus, Amat, Enough*; *Insert Flap "A" and Throw Away*; *No Starch in the Dhoti*; *S'il Vous Plait*; *Me-thinks He Doth Protein Too Much*. His death last week in New York at 75 closed the page on a generation of American humorists that included Frank Sullivan, Robert Benchley, Dorothy Parker and H.

Books



S.J. Perelman

A mouth in which butter never melted.

Allen Smith. Yet as Humorist Russell Baker observes, Perelman's work was not typically American: "His writing had a certain English fineness in it. There is a love of language and an extensive vocabulary. He is hard to type. He is *sui generis*. I plagiarize a lot but I could not steal anything from him. The best you could do is a third-rate imitation and anyone could spot it."

Perelman's cosmopolitan imagination had a definite surreal twist to it. In "low dudgeon," he viewed the world's quirky moving parts as threats to his safety, sanity and solvency. *Acres and Pains* was a 1947 collection of mock-Thoreauvian japes inspired by the author's four decades of semirustication on 100 stony acres in Bucks County, Pa. His definition of a gentleman's farm: "An irregular patch of nettles bounded by short-term notes, containing a fool and his wife who didn't

know enough to stay in the city."

Though he was born in Brooklyn, the city of Perelman's childhood and youth was Providence. His parents were Jewish immigrants from Russia. At Brown University one of his best friends was Nathaniel West, the future author of *Miss Lonelyhearts* and *The Day of the Locust*, and a future brother-in-law. Perelman married West's sister Laura in 1929. He began his career drawing and writing for *Judge* and *College Humor*; the Depression found him in Hollywood writing gags for the Marx Brothers. He also co-authored a number of plays, including *One Touch of Venus* with Ogden Nash, and in 1956 shared an Academy Award for his work on the film *Around the World in 80 Days*.

Perelman himself was a dauntless traveler; his work is full of pungent foreignisms and exotic locales. After his wife's death in 1970, he sold his farm and moved to London. Within two years he returned to New York complaining that he had been satiated by British couch and was hungry for New York rye bread. The city's literati welcomed him home with special awards and rave reviews. Perhaps thinking of his early story *Don't Bring Me Oscars (When It's Shoesies That I Need)*, the author went quietly back to work. "It's a strange way for an adult to make a living," he once confessed. "What I really am, you see, is a crank. I deplore the passing of the word crank from our language. I'm highly irritable and my senses bruise easily, and when they are bruised, I write." The result was a major stylist in a minor form whose value cannot be overestimated. On those days when the plumbing fails, the TV grows indistinguishable from the garbage compactor and the dry cleaner has French fried the flannels, Perelman will remain one of American letters' most reliable alternate energy sources.

Milestones

DIED. Pierre Bernac, 80, French baritone who performed with the late composer-pianist Francis Poulenc for 25 years; of heart disease; in Villeneuve-les-Avignon, France. Though best known for his interpretations of Poulenc art songs and other French vocal music, Bernac was also at home in the German and English repertory. Bernac, praised more for his technique and interpretative grace than for his voice, stopped performing in 1960 and concentrated on training singers in Europe and America.

DIED. Archibald B. Roosevelt, 85, war-hero son of President Theodore Roosevelt; following a stroke; in Stuart, Fla. "Archie" first made headlines at age seven by sliding down a banister straight into a White House reception. He was wounded and highly decorated as an infantry officer in

both World Wars, conflicts that none of his three brothers survived. Roosevelt was an investment banker by profession, a conservationist by avocation and a bedrock McCarthyite Republican by political creed. His death makes Alice Roosevelt Longworth, 95, T.R.'s sole surviving child.

DIED. Clarence Muse, 89, black character actor, playwright, director and songwriter (*When It's Sleepy Time Down South*); of a stroke; in Perris, Calif. A law school graduate, the Baltimore-born Muse abandoned his legal ambitions early on to become a vaudeville singer. "The public believed in the Negro's voice," he later explained, "but not [in his] intelligence." He made the first of his more than 200 screen appearances in *Hearts in Dixie* (1929), the first all-black musical, played Jim in *Huckleberry Finn* two years later

and had his last role in the newly released *The Black Stallion*.

DIED. General Jacob L. Devers, 92, World War II combat commander who helped develop the U.S. Army's armored units; in Washington, D.C. A deft administrator and one of the best polo players in the military, "Jackie" was charged in 1941 with welding the ragtag tank, infantry and artillery units of the fledgling armored forces into an effective tool for modern, mechanized warfare. In 1943 Devers became European theater commander for U.S. forces under General Dwight D. Eisenhower; he later helped direct the Allies' North African and Italian campaigns and plan the Normandy invasion. In 1945 Devers succeeded General Joseph W. Stilwell as commander of U.S. Army ground forces. He retired four years later.

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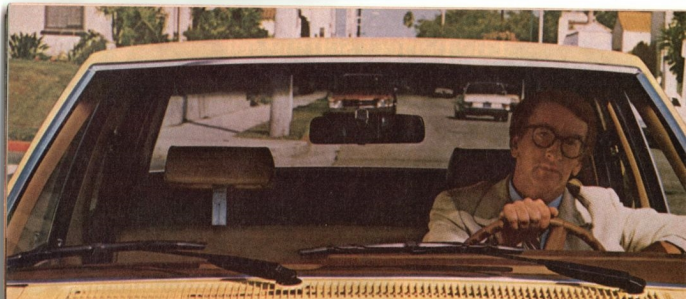
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